THE BYSTANDER
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SEPTEMBER 25, 1929

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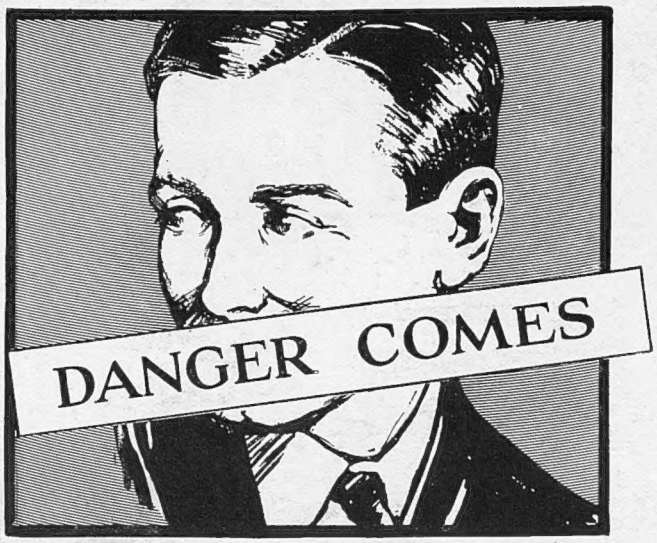

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THE BYSTANDER SEPT. 25, 1929

the BYSTANDER

BY REBEL STANTON

PLAYTIME

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SELLS

Topical Press

The "Dames" who opposed the "Damsels" at polo at Minehead. They are Mrs Shoppe (left), Miss Orr-Dickson, who deputised, Mrs. E. Earle and Mrs. R. B. Glover

The Passing Hour

The Little Season Awakes

THE wheel of the autumn season begins to spin once again. In the restaurants and the theatres and the dance clubs the brown backs and brown arms show that the rocks of Antibes and the sands of the Lido have given up the sun-seekers. Pleasure quickens her paces once more in London. There is much to be said for the Little Season as against the more spectacular and exhausting months from May till the end of July. It permits of more intimate entertaining and the opportunity to develop holiday acquaintanceships into more permanent friendship, or, on the other hand, tactfully to discard them! The restaurants, too, have been full of small boys lunching with their parents before going to school and the theatres have been equally crowded with small occupants of the stalls, in Eton jackets and turn down collars, their legs dangling, too short to touch the floor.

Sequence of First Nights

FIRST night succeeds first night, and seldom has September been such a month of activity in the theatre, nor seen so many new productions, for five were seen last week alone. Mr. Matheson Lang's presentation of *Jew Süss* was the one that drew the most attention. Not for some time have those hardy enthusiasts who seem prepared to spend days and nights in a queue in order to be sure of a seat appeared in such great numbers and such early hours. Anticipation was even keener for this show than for the arrival of

Central Press

Miss Mary Wright makes a picture of grace as she clears an obstacle in fine style on her horse Silver Tail at the Chertsey Show

WHEN THE STALLS COPIED THE "GODS"

Sport and General

Lord Rosebery, the Master of the Whaddon Chase, in a striking costume at Ayr Races. With him is Miss Peggy Ward

Mr. Shaw's *Apple Cart* from Malvern. The author hid himself in a box, but in the stalls was the Prime Minister, obviously enjoying Mr. Shaw's continual taunts at Socialism and democracy, who was with Lady Astor's party. Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. H. G. Wells and Sir Joseph Duveen were others in the theatre. Sir Joseph Duveen, incidentally, returns to America on the same boat as that in which Mr. MacDonald will sail.

First Nighters

THE *première* of E. Temple Thurston's historical play, *Emma Hamilton*, at the New Theatre, was a quiet and somewhat uneventful affair compared to the first night of *The Calendar* at Wyndham's Theatre the next evening. An Edgar Wallace play is always restfully free from any Shavian subtleties, High Art or monumental mysticism, and an audience which knows that it is in for an evening of brightness without brain-fag reacts instinctively to the fact. The number of theatrical folk who turned up to see this racing—and racy—play launched on a successful career was a very high one. Indeed, I have seldom seen so many stage celebrities rubbing shoulders together on a first night.

The Stalls in Action

ONE is used to excitable young women in the gallery applauding excitedly whenever they recognise a favourite actor or actress entering the stalls, but we had quite a new experience at Wyndham's. Before the rise of the curtain and again during the first interval a burst of applause from a few stallites made one wonder if they were returning the compliment by giving the gallery girls a "hand." However, it was not the "gods" but the stage box that was their objective, for therein loomed the massive figure of Author Edgar Wallace, who was the recipient of this spontaneous advance payment of appreciation. I am glad to say it was fully justified, for *The Calendar* should not run out for many moons.

Skating's Challenge to Dancing

THE opening of the eclectic though popular dance club in Bond Street, which

Topical Press

Lord and Lady Inverclyde on their way to the paddock at the Ayr Races. Lady Inverclyde is becoming quite a Scotswoman and is seen at many important functions North of the Tweed

WILL THE PRINCE GO TO AFRICA?

took place last week, is another sign of the start of the autumn social revival, though this winter the dance clubs and restaurants will not have it all their own way. Skating has definitely come into the programme of our pleasures, and unless I am very much mistaken dancing may have a proportionate decline in popularity with the increasing enthusiasm for the ice rink. Already an indication of this is to be found in Charity turning from the traditional ball to the new pastime as a means to collect money. Lady Maud Hoare and Viscountess Ednam are arranging an Ice Carnival at Grosvenor House at the end of next month, together with an Ice Cabaret to aid the funds of the Royal Northern Hospital. The skating instructors if not the dance teachers will be doubling their bank balances in the next few months.

By Helen McKie

A JOLLY MORNING: OUT FOR THE PARTRIDGES

The King in the Butts

That the King will now be able to try the two new guns he purchased during the summer will be cause of considerable enjoyment for His Majesty, as all who know the delight of opening a new gun case can understand. If the weather holds the King will be able to enjoy some pheasant as well as partridge shooting, for the season begins next Tuesday. It is unlikely that he will walk the birds up, but the additional accuracy required in shooting driven birds will give him the opportunity of fully exerting his prowess as a good shot, which he undoubtedly inherited from King Edward. Sandringham abounds in good shooting. There are half a dozen well-filled partridge beats and sufficient woodcock to allow of some fast and accurate shooting.

IF WINTER COMES

Upon us quickly, we shall not be caught napping if we prepare for it in time. On p. iii will be found the start of our complete ***HEATING & LIGHTING SUPPLEMENT,*** *in which Miss Pearl Ashton deals with all the important aspects of these two matters, which are of paramount importance to every householder*

The Prince for Africa

The approach—one might now almost say, the arrival—of autumn once more raises the problem of how His Majesty will avoid the menace of the winter months here. As I suggested some weeks ago, the most propitious plan would be a voyage to South Africa, not only for the undoubted benefits of the climate there, but also for political reasons. A visit, though in no way approaching anything of an official character, would result in more intimate associations being founded between England and those in the Dominion whose feelings for the Crown and England are not superlatively enthusiastic. But His Majesty is averse to a long voyage, and the possibility of such a visit is unlikely; instead, he will probably pass the winter months on one or another of Italy's small islands. I hear, by the way, that if the King's health gives no cause for any recurrence of his illness the Prince of Wales may make a trip to East Africa some time during the winter. Emphasis of this lies

Keystone View

THE SEASON AT BIARRITZ

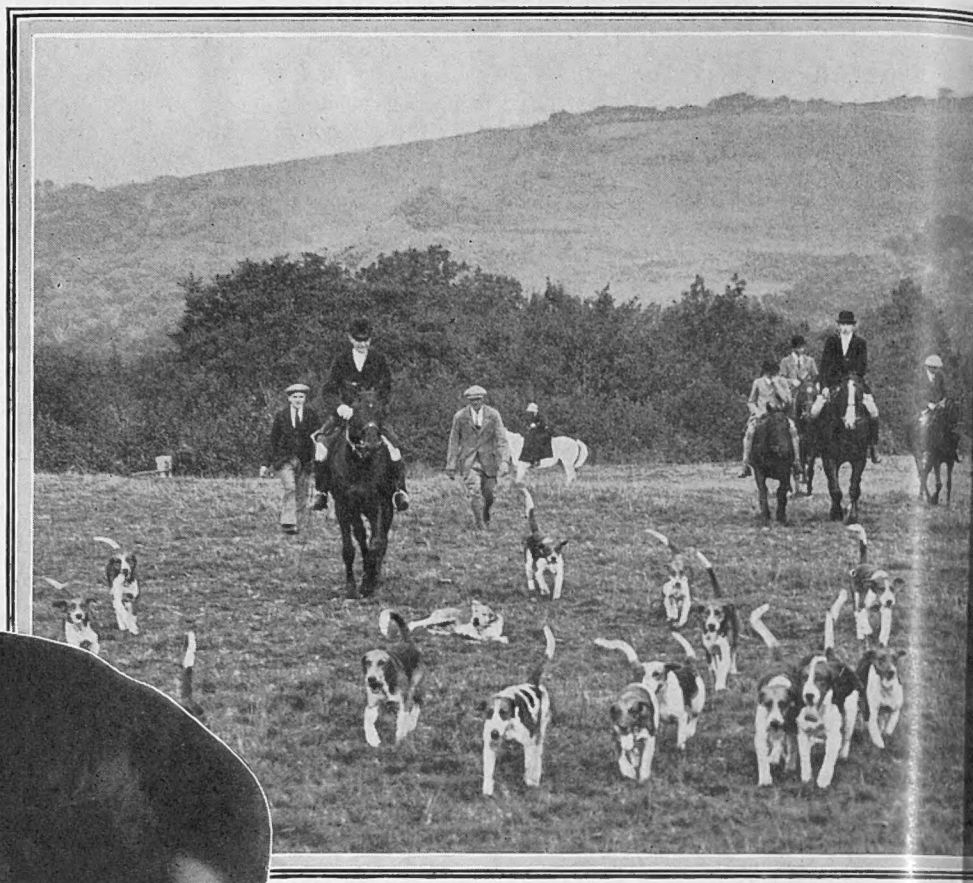
Mrs. Warwick Wright, whose husband, Colonel Warwick Wright, controls the fascinating Stutz cars in Great Britain, in a striking beach suit

A HUNTING PARSON

in the fact that he has made no preparation for any hunting during the coming season.

Eton goes Back

ETON began its new half last week with a hundred and twenty-eight new boys to replace those who left at the end of last half, and among them the sons of families whose predecessors have gone there for generations past. The Hon. Evelyn Boscawen, Lord Falmouth's heir, and the Hon. George Loch, Lord Loch's elder son, have gone to Eton for their first term, as well as Lord and Lady Astor's son Michael and Lord and Lady Cranborne's eldest boy, whose father is the Marquess of Salisbury's heir. Two famed and familiar faces, as far as Eton is concerned, will be absent from the place this term.



THE CATTISTOCK GO

The field moving off to West Woods after leaving Powerstock Common at a the Rev. E. A. Milne, M.F.H., is wea

THE COUNTESS OF HADDINGTON Douglas

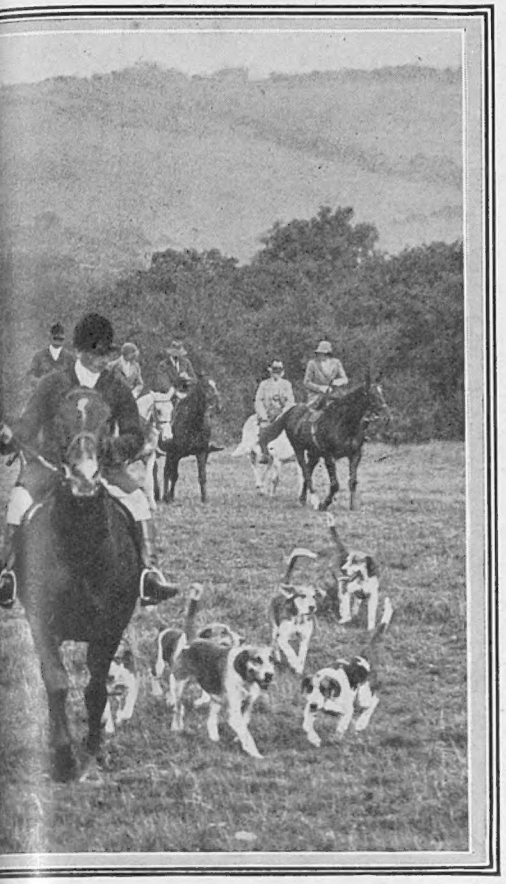
Who is on the Committee of the Ice Carnival which is being arranged by Lady Maud Hoare and Lady Ednam to take place at Grosvenor House on Hallowe'en, October 31, in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital. A spectacular Ice Cabaret will be one of the many attractions

Three little English girls, Angella, Claudine and Claudette Mawley, who have gone to Hollywood. They are already beginning to make a name for themselves on the films

One is that of the late Vice-Provost, Mr. Hugh Macnaghten, whose death occurred last month, and Miss Oughterson, the matron, who has left to take up a scholastic appointment in Ontario. The Eton College Chronicle devoted its first page to an amusing but affectionate valedictory poem, signed "A. A.," so that I imagine it

Douglas

LORD BEATTY IN THE SHIRES



Sport and General

UBBING

ent cubbing meet of the Cattistock The Joint-Master, ding the field

was from the pen of the Headmaster, Dr. Alington. It begins:

Collegers!
Weep for your sake, not for hers!
Can you bear to let Miss O.
Go?

Who but she
Knows what boys should have for tea?
Who but she made College food
Good?

When the Eight
Holds carouses, loud and late,
Who provides the food they sup
Up?

Canada certainly seems to have won from us the perfect school matron.

RACING HINTS

By "OLD ORKNEY"

Readers who have kept the lists of horses given weekly under this head should now sort out the horses that have not won up to the present.

They were selected because money was put on them in the Ring, and it invariably happens that every effort is made to regain losses.

We have had several good winners lately, and there are more to come from the lists that have already appeared.

I have been asked to suggest an autumn double. I favour West Wicklow for the Cesarewitch and Palais Royal for the Cambridgeshire.

IRISH SPINNER

(B. or Br. F., by Irishman—First Spinner). Owner, Sir Alfred Butt. Trainer, S. Wootton. Started an odds-on favourite for the Inveresk Sweepstakes (one mile three furlongs) at Edinburgh, and finished second to Mozambique. Put up a good performance over one mile when running fourth to Stalactite. She will pay to follow.

ROYAL SCENT.

(Bl. G., by Mount Royal—Scent) Owner, Mr. J. W. G. Randall. Trainer, Toon. Keep a watchful eye on the programmes in the North for this gelding. He was confidently expected to win the Carberry Selling Nursery (five furlongs) at Edinburgh, and was a good second. Was well backed. Ran well in a race at Birmingham won by the smart Caught Napping.

CLASPER

(B. C., by Periosteum—Classic Lady). Owner, Mr. H. Sidebottom. Trainer, Kirk. In a fine finish, strongly ridden by Gordon Richards, was only a neck behind Wiseacre in the Midland Plate (one mile three furlongs) at Warwick. Backed to good sums. Previously ran well in a race for amateur riders over one and a half miles at Lewes.

TAXIMETER

(B. M., by Tetrameter—Aye Aye). (Owner, Mr. J. E. Cottrell. Trainer, Gilbert. Was soundly supported to win the Barford Plate (one mile) at Warwick, and finished fifth to Ruby's Love. This five-year-old will win a race before the end of the season. She previously occupied fourth position at the finish of a race at Nottingham in July.

ACCRA.

(Ch. G., by Souloque—Bulette). Owner, Mr. M. V. Linde. Trainer, Hamshaw. Was a public "tip" at Doncaster for the Prince of Wales's Nursery Handicap (one mile), and was backed for big money. Was second, a neck behind the winner. On this running and his fine performance at Goodwood there is reason to expect an early win.

DECREE NISI

(G. F., by Gay Crusader—Mixed Marriage). Owner, Lord Glanely. Trainer, Hogg. Was heavily and consistently backed for the Wharncliffe Handicap (seven furlongs) at Doncaster. She was well beaten, but should be followed. Previously ran fourth to Belle Mere over one and a quarter miles at Leicester.

Lord Beatty's New House

DINGLEY HALL, in the heart of the Shires and accessible to the best hunting in the country, should be infinitely preferable on this account to Reigate Priory, where Lord and Lady Beatty lived before purchasing their new home at Market Harborough from Colonel the Hon. Guy Wilson, uncle of Lord Nunburnholme. Dingley Hall is a very magnificent house, an imposing Renaissance porch leading into a large and lofty hall exquisitely panelled in oak. There are, however, many modern improvements to be made, which will doubtless be carried out by the new owners. In the surrounding five hundred acres there is fairly good shooting to be had, so that Lord Beatty, who seems to enjoy the life of the country as much as that of the sea, will have a double means of occupying his leisure.

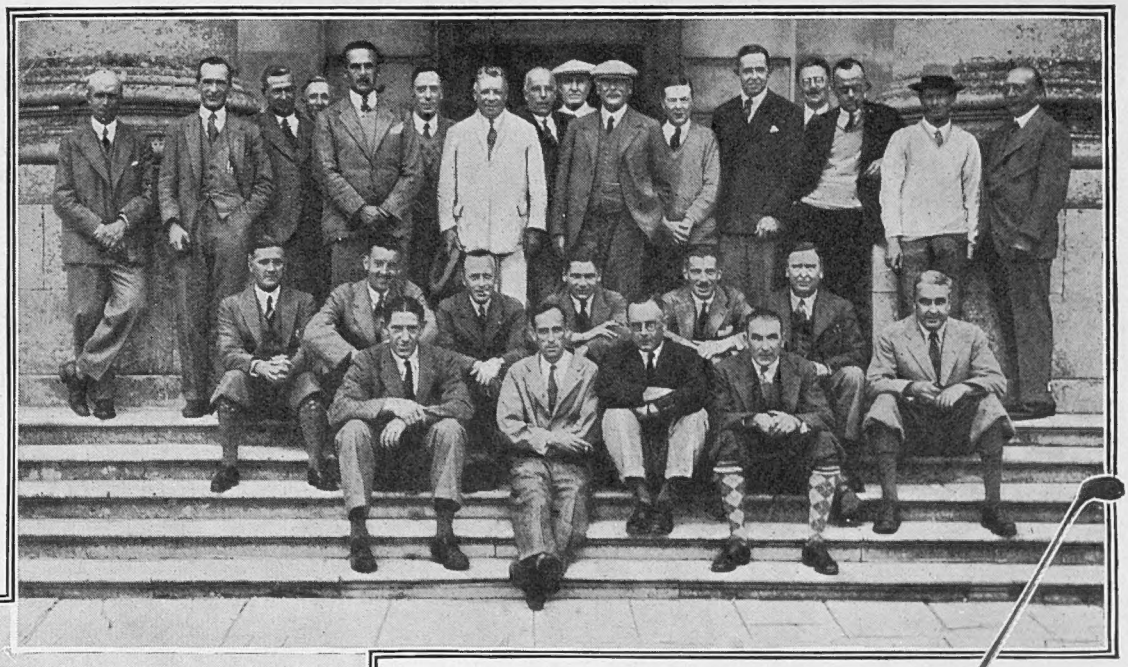
"Under Two Flags"

THE engagement of Mr. Tom Van Oss, the portrait painter, to Lady Mary Bevan's daughter, Miss Favell M. Bevan, is of interest not only to his friends in Holland and England, but also on the Riviera, where he has lived for the past two years at Villefranche. Mr. Van Oss is British born though of Dutch nationality, his father being one of the chief newspaper proprietors in Holland, but he is shortly resigning his rights as a Dutch citizen by becoming a British subject. Like many distinguished artists, he paints with his left hand, a famous precedent for this being that

Central News

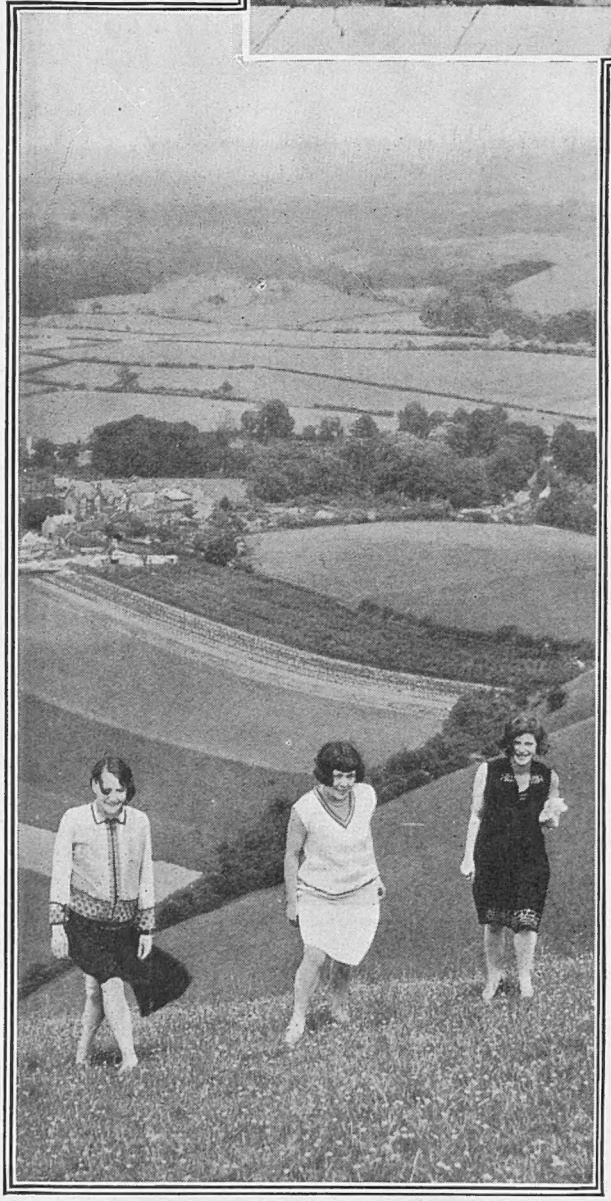
Biarritz has been more crowded than ever this season, and the plage presents many interesting studies in unusual beach suits. Above are seen two strongly contrasting styles

THE GRAND FALCONER AND HYDE PARK



AT MOOR PARK

Some of the competitors in "The Sphere" Invitation Golf Meeting at Moor Park. The players included Air Vice-Marshal Sir Vyell Vyvyan, seen standing in the centre in a light suit



Central Press

A typical glimpse of the lovely Sussex Downs, whose beauty the Central Electricity Board seek to spoil by erecting steel masts eighty feet high across them. The strongest resentment is being shown to this proposed official vandalism

of Leonardo da Vinci. While on the Riviera he has done portraits of Mme. de Balsan and her husband, Colonel Balsan, the Duchess of Sutherland, Mr. W. J. Locke, Lady Trent, and several of Lord and Lady Trent's nephews and nieces.

Rights of the Hereditary Grand Falconer

As I walked through Hyde Park the other morning and saw the notice prohibiting riders to traverse that part of Rotten Row between Knightsbridge and Hyde Park Corner, I wondered what the policemen might do if the Duke of St. Albans suddenly appeared and drove down it in his car. For the Duke of St. Albans is Hereditary Grand Falconer, and it is only the King and the Hereditary Grand Falconer who have the right to drive their carriages down Rotten Row. This office, which was granted to the first Duke, Charles Beauclerk, the natural son of Charles II and Nell Gwynn, has, I read in Debrett's Dictionary of Coronation, fallen into desuetude, and I believe the present Duke failed to establish its claim entitling him to perform special services at the Coronation of Edward VII.

Sport & General

Sport and General

Mr. W. D. H. McCullough, the winner of the Singles in "The Sphere" Invitation Meeting. He beat Mr. J. A. Dewar in the final

Keystone View

AMERICA GOING BLACK

By "KIM"

IF the Prohibition farce is America's great joke, its great tragedy is the problem of the Blacks. That is no laughing matter. After all, the pretentious pose of being teetotal only requires an Act of Congress to remove it, but nothing the President, Senate, Congress or Big Business can do is able to counteract the breeding qualities of the vast negro population in the States! A wholesale massacre of the teeming millions of healthy Dinahs, Joes and piccaninnies is unthinkable. They cannot be expatriated as undesirables, for they are American citizens. So they must spread.

HIDDEN deep down in the heart of intelligent America lies the dread of the negro problem. The negro or negroid population is spreading steadily northwards in the great industrial centres, for the coloured peoples are in great demand as servants, attendants, and the like. New York is the greatest negro city in the world with over a quarter of a million blacks, and it is increasing largely. Chicago now faces the black problem, though right on the Canadian border. The census returns of twelve million negroes do not take into account the millions of whites with a touch of the tar brush, a contact between races affecting not only the skin but the mentality of the individual.

Pacific and Atlantic

Above: Negro agriculturists who have invaded the white farmers' domain. They are seen at a Farmers' Conference at Alabama, where they were awarded certificates of merit

Below: Mr. Oscar de Priest, who is the first negro to sit in Congress for thirty years. He is fighting for the social and political emancipation of the coloured people of America

RIGHTLY or wrongly, the white races regard the negro as their inferiors. His morals are not looked upon as his strong point, and crimes like murder, rape, and larceny are believed to come to him more naturally than to the whites. Whilst the investigations of the Chicago Commission on Racial Relations in 1920 did not confirm such a view, the fact remains that it is only within the last century that the negro peoples were rescued from the savagery of the jungle. Nor is that all. Anthropology has proved that the brain convolutions of the negroid peoples are far fewer and coarser than those of the white races. Indeed, the brain of a negro—as anyone can see by reference to Winchell's "Pre-Adamites"—much more closely resembles that of an anthropoid ape than does that of a white man.

EDUCATION or contact with civilisation cannot eradicate fundamental differences. The negro may develop spirituels and the jazz sounds, which are half-way between civilised music and the tom-toms of the jungle village, but it is a fallacy to regard his childish simplicity as due to the emancipation from ages of barbarism. The extraordinary superstition of the negro peoples, their inability to reason, their love for voodoo doctors and negro witches to cure illnesses and concoct love charms are ineradicable. The efforts of negroes to rule themselves, as in Liberia or Haiti, are pathetic.

Nicolas Haz

THE NEGRO PROBLEM IN AMERICA

Rose McClendon, who played the lead in "In Abraham's Bosom" and in "Porgy." She is an actress possessing great charm and sincerity

They have been inflicted with a permanent complex inferiority by the Almighty, just the same as the patient oxen and sheep in the range of beasts of the field.

THEY are so incapable that even in New York they can only be exploited by the white man. They cannot even run small shops in Harlem, their own section, for their limited brain power renders them incompetent to manage the slightest book-keeping and the organisation of a simple business. They are, on the other hand, light-hearted and gay, who do not for long let their troubles make them pessimistic. Like their savage grandfathers, they love bright colours, and no negro woman, otherwise fairly honest, can resist the temptation to steal a bit of a wash if it is bright in colour. The men like nothing so much as to parade the streets behind a brass band proudly displaying gorgeous uniforms, as was so cleverly introduced in *Porgy*.

THIS is the race whose colour and mentality are slowly but surely spreading over the whole of the United States. In another fifty years what will be the outcome? A Jungle Reaction? Will a new mulatto race come into being mentally inferior to the Nordic peoples and with the faults of mulatto races—unreliable, suddenly violent, unprogressive, lazy, jealous? If so, " The Moral Giant of History " will eventually sink into a position of inferiority in the world's counsels despite her wealth. Here is something for Mr. Henry Ford to think about of far greater importance than the Speakeasy joke. Indeed, it is the sub-conscious realisation of this Black Menace that influences the White Americans to segregate the Blacks in every possible manner. Only the other day the clergyman of an episcopal church openly in service told the negroes present that they could not enter his church again. It may come as a shock to the Briton to realise that in " democratic " America, with her boasted laws of equality, even God must be worshipped with the recognition of the colour bar. But Americans are adamant on the subject. The touch of the tar brush is sufficient to exclude men and women from churches, restaurants and theatres. Coloured folks are publicly humiliated and savagely attacked on the least pretext, not only in the South but in the North. Negro hunts are known in Chicago, and a few years ago five negro women were lynched in that city.

OFF New York's Fifth Avenue is Harlem, the negro quarter. Many writers have given their views about its viciousness, and in its night clubs are to be seen white men and women. Some go out of curiosity, others because they find an attraction in the coloured people. The White American woman who openly consorts or marries a negro ostracises herself from decent society, and this is natural, for it is the instinct of racial preservation. It explains the extraordinary cruelty to the Blacks in the Southern States when there is the slightest suggestion of any liaison between a coloured man and a white woman. Hence arose the almost omnipotent power of Ku Klux Klan, which originally obtained its support for this purpose. " Floggings," says the author of *Uncle Sham,* " in which victims, not only negroes but white women, have been lashed into unconsciousness and left to die of their injuries, have been uncovered in many States." Some of the crimes of the K.K.K. have been so atrocious and barbaric that they cannot be mentioned in print.

AMERICA going Black is a nightmare to thoughtful White Americans, who view it mostly as a social problem. It is, however, more than that. It is psychological. It will lead to a combination of circumstances to which not only scientists should turn their attention but also the statesmen of Europe.

The " beauty parlors " are already having to cope with it externally!

G.P.A.

A group of artistic American negroes, with Josephine Baker, the comedienne, now touring in South America, in their midst

A WOODLAND VIEW by the RIVER WHARFE at BOLTON ABBEY, near HARROGATE

THE GATHERING OF

The head of the procession of Western Chiefs proceeding to Dalintart, Oban, for the Argyllshire Gathering. We gave a picture of the Chiefs last week, but in giving a new theory of some of these return to the subject. Left to right: The Duke of Argyll; Lt.-Col. T. O. Lloyd, C.M.G., of Minard Castle, Argyllshire; Angus John Campbell, 20th Hereditary Captain of Dunstaffnage Castle, Oban; Maclachlan of Maclachlan, 23rd Chief of the Clan, of Castle Lachlan, Strachur; and Col. Robt. Campbell-Preston, of Ardchattan Priory, Taynuilt, Argyllshire

Photographs Ian Smith and Central News

Above are seen Cameron of Lochiel with Ian Matheson, of the family who occupied the lands of Lochalsh, Ross-shire, from the 13th century. The family seat of Cameron of Lochiel, the son of the 25th Chief of the famous Camerons, living in the fastnesses of Lochaber from remote times, is at Achnacarry, Spean Bridge. Below: Lord David Crichton-Stuart, third son of the Marquess of Bute, chatting to Lady Grizel Boyle, daughter of the Earl of Glasgow. All these photographs were taken at the Oban Games, where almost all the important chiefs of the Western Highlands forgathered, led by the McCallum More, Duke of Argyll

The Viscountess Massereene and the Captain of Dunstaffnage. Dunstaffnage Castle is where the Coronation Stone was kept for centuries. The Irish legends say it was Jacob's Stone and was hidden there by the Prophet Jeremiah

THE ARGYLLSHIRE LAIRDS AT OBAN

Capt. MacGregor Whitton with his father, Col. MacGregor Whitton, probably the oldest clansman at the Gathering, talking to Miss Gray-Cheape, whose family live at Carse Gray, Forfar. The ethnologist, whose remarkable contention is mentioned below, contends that the MacGregors are the lineal descendants of the Tribe of Benjamin

Photographs Ian Smith and Central News

Sir Ian Malcolm, K.C.M.G., of Poltalloch, with the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett, known to theatre lovers as Miss Zena Dare. The Malcolms have been Lairds of the Lochghilphead lands for centuries

THE interesting contention touched on in one or two of these captions is that the Holy Land of Israel and the adjoining countries such as Egypt and Syria were all originally in Scotland. This claim, which we merely state without any responsibility, differs from the British Israelite beliefs in that it asserts that Britain was the home of the Bible peoples and not, as the others assume, lands to which they came after the dispersion. In fact, the writer of this new ethnological contention says that the Romans subsequently, when Christianity was adopted, changed all the true venue of the Bible peoples to the Eastern Mediterranean and that all the places labelled with Bible names from Jerusalem downwards are spurious and probably not earlier than of the fourth century A.D.

In this contention he claims to distinguish many of the original tribes and most of the great centres of Bible activity. The Clan Chattan, whose head is The Mackintosh, are the people of Heth, or Hittites; the Camerons are the Amorites; Lochaber and its mountains were the Mountains of Abarim and Ben Nevis is Mt. Nebo, or, in the Egyptian, Mnevis; Onich is on or near the site of On, or Thebes; The Forest of Mamore is the Oak of Mamre, where Abraham lived; Memphis he places at Iona with Staffa; and Dunstaffnage Castle, he claims, was the Castle of Pharaoh, called Taphnes (in the Greek Daphne), where Jeremiah sought refuge after the Fall of Jerusalem, which city is identified with old Edinburgh.

Sir Malcolm MacGregor, the chief of this famous clan, and Lady MacGregor. The law of proscription was only finally repealed in 1822, permitting the MacGregors to use their own name again

Sin, Saccharine and a Sailor's

KINEMATOGRAPHIC technique for stage plays seems to be on the increase, and we have had some good and some bad examples of it recently. A bad example was to be noted in *Devil in Bronze,* at the Strand Theatre, where the short, sharp scenes were not complete cameos in themselves, and the carrying on of the interest was held up by changes of scene, while the scenes themselves could not be made actual except by photographic aid. A man going mad by listening to a bell-buoy perpetually clanging—a buoy to which he clings for dear life—requires a picture of the sea itself to carry conviction.

THE HEAD CROOK

Dale Roberts as the villainous Charley

MENTION of convictions brings me to a successful example of kinematographic technique in a play by Edward Percy called *The Misdoings of Charley Peace,* who suffered that fate, which has been produced at the Ambassadors Theatre. Here the scenes, though linked together quite cleverly, are nearly all complete in themselves, a feat of construction upon which the author is to be congratulated.

LUCKILY for the dramatist, little is known of Charles Peace's early career, so that the ground necessarily to be covered only embraces about two and a half years; but in that time his life was crowded with incidents of which Edward Percy has made much and seldom departed from actual facts—so far as they are known—in doing so.

George Dillon and Stafford Hilliard as two gentlemen whose appearance is enough to make murder seem understandable

THE picture he paints of this great little criminal is rather a surface portrait; there is no attempt to delve deeply into psychology, but in the scenes as they pass before us we are able to realise Peace's cunning, cleverness, extraordinary attraction to women, ruthlessness, cruelty, and hypocrisy. A nice mixture, truly, and one without a redeeming feature in it; and yet this man possessed a fascination which lifted him into the sphere of public characters for whom Englishmen, for some unknown reason, regard with something akin to admiration!

BETWEEN 8 and 11.15 p.m. audiences are regaled with two murders, one attempted murder, two burglaries and a murder trial—but not of Peace, but of the brothers Habron, one of whom was unjustly convicted for the crime to which Peace afterwards confessed. Throw in, as is done, a scene at Mrs. Peace's eating-house at Hull, a bar parlour in a Peckham "pub," when Peace was skinning South London; his escape from the express taking him to Manchester; and, finally, his appearance in the condemned cell, and it will be realised that the most exacting playgoer has excitement in plenty on which to feed.

BUT what, to my mind, is one of the most interesting features, and the one most cleverly brought out, is the almost snake-like fascination which Peace exercised over women. The staunch loyalty of his wife, as shown by Alex Frizell, is one of the most striking things in the play. He is an absolute brute to her, yet she still loves him. So callous is he that he makes her take on the *rôle* of sister when he brings a trollop into the house as his mistress, and it is only *after* his arrest for burglary that this woman—greedy for the reward—reveals the true identity of the man

PEACE HATH HIS PARLOUR HORRORS

the police have caught. His influence held while at liberty. Behind bars, and the spell is broken.

I THINK this play will have a successful run, for not only is it cleverly written and admirably produced by Reginald Denham, but the acting of a large cast, many of whom double parts, is good all through. The biggest flaw is the accents adopted in depicting Lancashire and Yorkshire characters, but this is a fault constantly to be found even in the cleverest of companies. Charley Peace himself is a terrific part, and an actor, Oswald Dale Roberts, previously

SOULMATE

BY VERNON WOODHOUSE

unknown to me, plays it on terrific lines. No reserved force for him! He goes "all out" in the seventeen scenes, and his acting makes a fine contrast to the quiet method of Alex Frizell as his wife.

"Secrets," at the Comedy

A DOSE of sweet wifely love, devotion and angelic forbearance which extends from 1865 to 1922 is apt to prove too cloying for most palates when translated into terms of the theatre. I must confess that before the epilogue, which sees Mary sitting outside the sick-room of her not too worthy husband waiting for him to recover sufficiently to summon her to his side, I wished devoutly that she could have acquired sufficient spirit to have turned round and given her husband a hefty piece of her mind at least once during the evening. After all, husband John strikes one as being very much the sort of fellow who would have responded to an appeal that was emphasised by a bit of spirit, and even more if the remarks had been accompanied by a deftly wielded flat-iron! But this, of course, would have completely destroyed the atmosphere of Victorian wifely piety which the authors, Rudolph Besier and May Edginton, have so carefully preserved throughout in a play constructed on the *Milestones* model.

NO LESS RENOWNED THAN WAR ON SOCIETY

Sketches of "The Misdoings of Charley Peace" at the Ambassadors by H. H. HARRIS

Kate Dyson (Dorie Sawyer), who is wooed by Charles whilst he poses as a man of peace

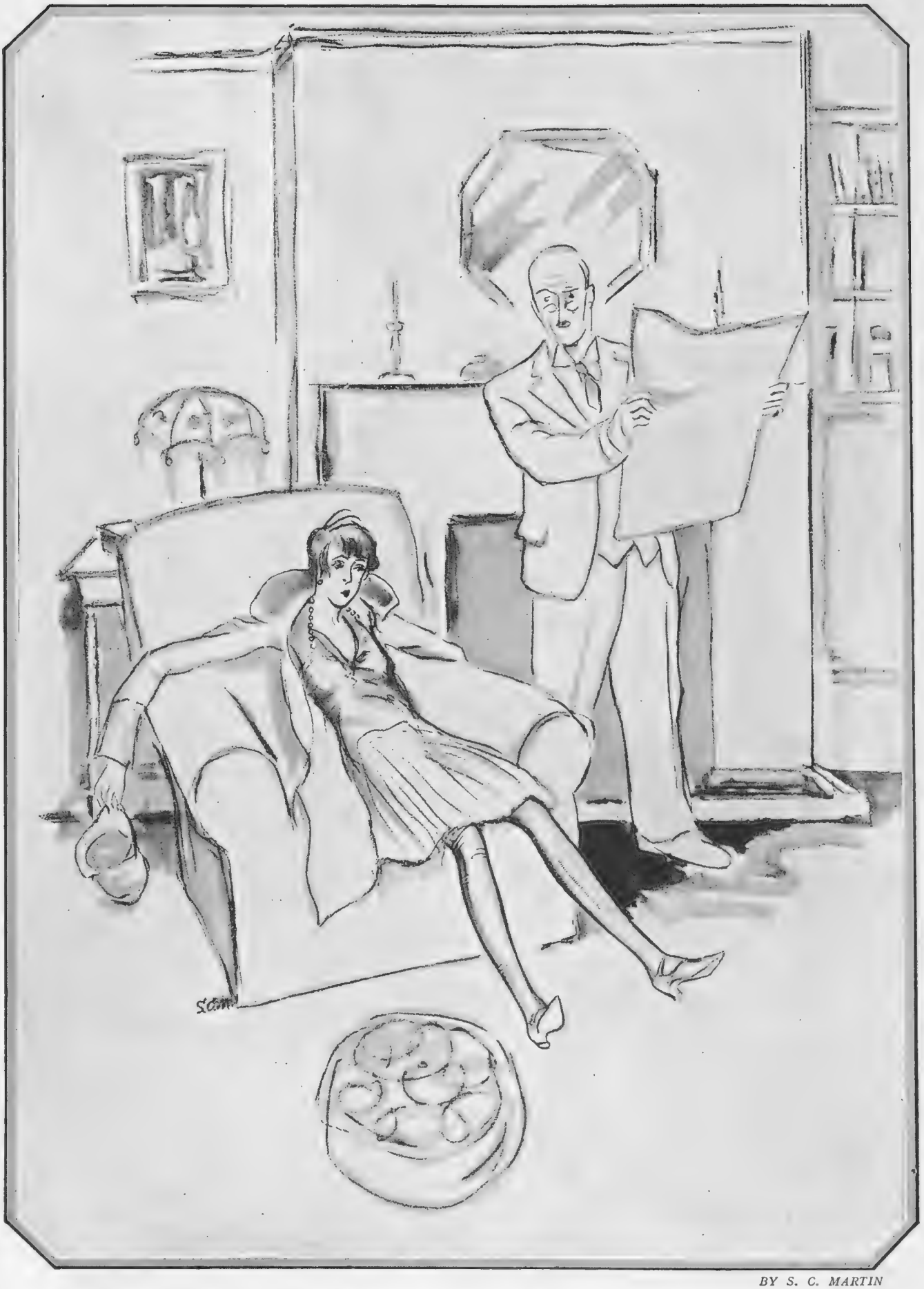
BUT even if a menu of molasses, relieved in one place by a very thorough "rough-house" dish which is served in a Wyoming shack, proves difficult to appreciate, there can be no two opinions as to the excellency of the company who present it. Fay Compton, who again plays the loyal wife, the part she created when *Secrets* was first produced, succeeds in the difficult task of imparting to Mary an underlying strength of character which is emphasised by the very fact of her constant submissiveness to her husband.

AFTER all, it must need a considerable steadfastness of purpose always to "jump to it" without question when a far from perfect husband commands, and in the way this is suggested she creates a character which, superficially, is clinging and cloying enough to do justice to the heroine of a "polite" novelette of the 'seventies, and yet is by no means the doll-like nonentity beloved of our grandfathers.

"Emma Hamilton," at the New

NELSON would have been a national hero even if there had been no Lady Hamilton, but not one person in ten thousand would evince the slightest interest in Emma Hamilton if there had been no Horatio Nelson, for it is entirely owing to her romantic if somewhat irregular association with that gallant sailor that Emma is known to most of us to-day. This probably explains why the six scenes of the first two acts in Temple Thurston's "dramatic chronicle," which trace the fair Emma's loss of moral grace and her acquirement of social graces from the moment she is summarily dismissed from domestic service to the time she is taken in hand by the smug Charles Greville, hang fire a little. It is inevitable that any play founded strictly on historical fact must produce characters who are not swayed by the emotions of the moment but dance puppet-like to the dictates of documentary evidence.

THE earlier scenes are not lacking in interest, but it is only when Nelson appears on the scene that we are translated from a pleasantly told "History without Tears" to the realm of drama, and the slight savour of sawdust is transplanted by good red blood. Mary Newcomb, who is never off the stage for long, makes of Emma a volatile creature who is always interesting, and plays with both charm and understanding, although, thanks to a little whitewashing on the author's part, Emma's swift and hot temper is kept well in the background. Leslie Banks is a purposeful Nelson, and Ion Swinley tackles the sanctimonious Greville with rare understanding. The production, for which Leslie Banks is responsible, is admirable, but I could not help wondering if the trees in Edgware really look *exactly* the same in autumn as in spring. In seven months they did not shed a leaf or lose their verdant green! V. W.



BY S. C. MARTIN

FATHER: "*Hullo, been run over by a car?*"
FLAPPER: "*No, been picked up by one*"

The Days of Charley Peace

By Hannen Swaffer

There was a terrible night, not long ago in London, when Madame Tussaud's was burned down.

Famous statesmen were melted in the flames. The waxed images of world-renowned scientists melted and ran along the floor, and Napoleon's relics, almost priceless, were eaten up in a blaze that drew a crowd of many thousands. But no one cared about Gladstone, or Napoleon's coach, or even the effigy of General Booth.

"Has Charley Peace been saved?" they shouted.

"Do inquire whether my hero is safe!" 'phoned a woman friend of mine.

She was asking about Charley.

Why are all Charleys so popular? Everyone loves Chaplin, Bonnie Prince, and Chase-Me. Even the Aunt of one of them shares in the general glory.

After the waxworks fire, all sorts of famous murderers had to be re-modelled by Louis Tussaud; but you can see the same Charley that our grandfathers saw, the one and only original.

"I was writing about you this morning," I once said to Marconi. "It was in an article called 'Immortals I Know.' You were one of them."

"I don't think I am immortal," replied the modest inventor. "When I was in the Sahara, a few weeks ago, I read that Madame Tussaud's had been burned and that I had been melted in the flames. Immortality is something like that."

Still, Charley is different. Crippen can excite a laugh upon the stage, when some overpaid comedian draws about £3 merely for mentioning his name; but Charley Peace is in a class all by himself.

Yet Reginald Denham, whose brilliant production of *The Misdoings of Charley Peace* is now filling the Ambassadors Theatre, could not find an actor who would play the part! He even approached Gerald du Maurier and said, "You look rather like him, you know."

Du Maurier glanced at himself in the glass and said, "Perhaps you're right."

But not even Gerald du Maurier felt equal to the task of impersonating the darling murderer of the British Empire.

Edmund Gwenn, who thought he did look rather like Charley, was needed for *The Skin Game*. Gordon Harker, who is a thumb-nail sketch of Gerald du Maurier, was much too modest to imagine himself in the part of the people's darling.

George Elton, who was next approached, is modest always. Then Robert Farquharson broke down under the strain. No, it couldn't be done, he thought.

So it fell to the lot of an unknown actor, Oswald Dale Roberts, who, in two weeks, learned the long and difficult part and brilliantly went through sixteen scenes, and with a confidence which I have seldom seen in a man who stepped out of obscurity and made for himself quite a reputation. I doubt if even the ex-Kaiser could have done it better.

An impression by Norman Kay of Oswald Dale Roberts as he appears as Peace in the Ambassadors Theatre play

Why is it that a few criminals have become immortal and the others are just classed together in a lump?

When they get a first name, like "Jack" Sheppard got one, and "Dick" Turpin and "Sweeney" Todd, even the little children want to know where they are buried.

I always remember Dick Turpin when managers ask me to go to the Everyman Theatre.

"I only know about Hampstead," I reply, "because when Dick Turpin rode from London to York he used to call in at Hampstead on his way. As I never go to York, I do not see why I should call in at Hampstead."

Charley Peace became famous because he shot a policeman. He belonged to an age when killing policemen was regarded as a sort of joke, when Clown, indeed, got all his laughs by applying a red-hot poker to the policeman's trousers. Lord Byng has stopped all that

No one knows Deeming's Christian name. Burke and Hare never had Christian names, I am sure; while, as for Milsom and Fowler and Seaman, who were all hanged on the same scaffold on the same day, they had just surnames and nothing more.

Sweeney Todd I always remember because, just before the War, when Ernest Rolls talked of opening Sadler's Wells with the old drama based on his exploits—there were no copyright fees to pay—I asked an English barber in Fleet Street what sort of business a barber would do in Fleet Street if he put Sweeney Todd's name over his shop, just as the murderer had done.

"People would rush there," he said, "especially if he were a German."

A German barber was his chief rival.

The name is up there now, but nobody notices it. Now, if Charley Peace had been a barber, his name would make Bernard Shaw get a shave.

So-called society recently rushed across to the Elephant and Castle to see *Maria Marten*, and then *Sweeney Todd* became the rage shortly afterwards; but when you have recalled that *George Barnwell* was recently revived at the Lyric, Hammersmith, you have nearly come to the end of the list of plays in which old-time murderers are periodically dug up for inspection. I am not including, of course, murderers like Richard III. They are in a lower class.

I thought George Barnwell rather a dreary murderer. In fact, I have preferred income-tax collectors.

Frank Vosper recently wrote a

melodrama about the Bywaters case, but this was too near recent history for it to be acted in England.

THE story behind the plot of *The Misdoings of Charley Peace* is a strange one. It was written by a Mincing Lane merchant, who wrote not long ago a play called *Joseph of Arimathea*, and who hides from other City merchants, with whom he does most respectable business, that, when he goes home, he looks like a Dickens character and writes plays half the evening. In the day-time, he is businesslike and precise; at nights, he behaves more like the good-looking Pickwick he appears to be, younger, but quite as cherubic.

HENPECKED husbands should all go to see the Ambassadors play. Charley's father was a lion-tamer, you see, and Charley kept the whip. If there were the slightest trouble at home—if, for instance, his wife complained when he had brought home another woman, or was late for dinner, or anything—out came the whip, and, before Charley had gone off to burgle a house, murder a policeman, or do any little thing like that, the poor wife received a terrible thrashing.

When he did not subdue people with the lion whip, he used to play the violin, or recite Shakespeare in public-houses. Then he would brown himself like a mulatto, wear a hook on the right sleeve, eat a leg of pork, frame pictures, and act as sidesman in a church.

Stage Photo Co.

Hartley Power as he appears both as Eddie Connelly and as Robert Naughton in "Brothers." This American crook play is now running at the Adelphi Theatre

"Dramatists, go along to Madame Tussaud's and examine carefully the faces of the art-neglected murderers in the Chamber of Horrors"

WHENEVER I see a very quiet man in an omnibus, I think, "Did you murder anyone last night, I wonder?" I once saw Crippen in an omnibus. Years after, I heard he had murdered his wife! Ever since I have glanced nervously at the small, quiet men in omnibuses.

Dramatists, do not waste your time writing plays about Bright Young Things. Go along to Madame Tussaud's and examine carefully the faces of the art-neglected murderers in the Chamber of Horrors. There are twenty plays waiting for you. But there is only one Charley Peace. And now he has been done.

SCOTLAND YARD is delighted with the Ambassadors play. The Flying Squad speak of Charley almost with affection. The Big Five cry, almost, when his name crops up.

A MAN who could murder a policeman, go straight off to kill his sweetheart's husband, and then elude justice for over two years by changing his disguises is a man any detective can admire.

CRIPPEN was caught by wireless. Charley would not have been beaten by a little thing like that. Peace be to his ashes. . . .

MADAME TUSSAUD'S, you know, can tell many tales. When war broke out, they thought they ought to move the Kaiser from his place among the more respectable Royalties of Europe.

THEY put him in the Chamber of Horrors, near Charley Peace. There came a protest—both from the people who loved Peace and the people who hated War! Besides, it annoyed certain Court officials.

SO, where do you think they put the Kaiser, then? In between G. R. Sims and General Booth.

H. S.

BY STARR WOOD

"Do you realise, Edward, that in another week we shall be back in harness?"

FILM NOTES

A Successful Lonsdale Talkie

By LADY ELEANOR SMITH

"The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," at the Empire

By the time these lines appear in print this film will probably have finished a brief preliminary run in London, giving place to an effort named "The Pagan," in which Ramon Novarro, most sophisticated of young Latins, attempts, rather unsuccessfully, to assume the naïve and girl-like innocence of an unspoiled Polynesian youth. According to an American critic, "Ramon acts cute during this picture from start to finish." It is a hot day and the idea of describing Mr. Novarro's cuteness fills me with a kind of hopeless horror. Let us therefore concentrate upon the "Mrs. Cheyney" film which will, after all, very shortly be seen once more in London. That is the best, or the worst, of a popular talking film, you simply can't kill it, and even now Mr. Al Jolson's more lachrymose efforts have a disconcerting habit of popping up, so to speak, under your very nose.

But to return to "Mrs. Cheyney," who is such an attractive person that we shouldn't have left her even for a moment. Frederick Lonsdale's witty and subtle comedy has lost little during its transition from stage to screen. Many people, myself included, will welcome the filming of intelligent plays for the simple reason that intervals in the average theatre have a dismal habit of lasting about twenty minutes and driving one to distraction. Talking films, whatever other faults they may possess, are at least played straight through without a single pause, a very considerable recommendation. Furthermore, it is now possible to listen to Mr. Lonsdale's most sparkling epigrams while lolling in a comfortable seat smoking, if you desire to smoke, a pleasant cigarette. So let us, for once, stop being superior and snobbish about the talkies.

Harry Lauder as Sandy McTavish, a Scottish farmer first visiting London, in "Auld Lang Syne," at the Plaza. This film was originally made to be silent, but was synchronised so that Harry Lauder is heard in song

Everyone is more or less familiar with this story of the beautiful crook who obtained a footing into Society, flirted with various peers and then found that she didn't want to steal the pearls for the very feminine reason that "everyone had been so nice to her." Mrs. Cheyney was, of course, a mystery woman. She passed as the widow of a rich Australian, but she preferred not to speak of her past, and she seemed on curiously intimate terms with her suave and fascinating butler. Lord Dilling, a rake of some attraction, was openly captivated by her, and when he discovered that she was planning to steal his aunt's pearl necklace he marched into her bedroom, locked the door, and announced that he would give her away unless she would accept him as a lover. whereupon Mrs. Cheyney very scornfully pulled the bell, and when the entire house party came tumbling into her bedroom she charmingly confessed her guilt. In the morning, she observed that she had in her possession a letter, proposing marriage, from the foolish Lord Elton, in which that not very bright peer had indiscreetly written his true opinion of his fellow-guests, who would have given a good deal to murder him there and then. However, when a cheque for £1,000 is handed to Mrs. Cheyney in exchange this letter she makes them all look very small by destroying the cheque. And then, of course, she marries the rakish Lord Dilling, while her partner in crime, otherwise the perfect butler, sets off on a tour round the world.

Dorothy Mackaill, the British star who plays lead opposite Jack Mulhall in "Waterfront." This First National and Vitaphone production will be released in London on the last day of this month

This is the bare skeleton of a play which Mr. Lonsdale has embellished with cynical and delightful witticisms. The dialogue glitters throughout with gems of humour, and never for an instant does the action of the play flag. I am inclined myself to consider the last act, or as I am dealing with a

AN AMERICAN IDIOCY

film, I should perhaps say the final scenes, the most subtly amusing of the lot, but one must not forget that grand moment at the beginning when Mrs. Cheyney, to all intents and purposes a virtuous young widow, suddenly permits her butler, her footman and her chauffeur to fling themselves upon her sofa, drink her whisky and smoke her cigarettes while she herself strums indifferently upon the piano. The shock of this amazing scene, swiftly followed by the subsequent surprise of discovering that the fair lady and her servants are a gang of crooks, is surely theatrical craft at its most artful.

Victor McLaglen (left) as Top-Sergeant Flagg, Lili Damita, and Edmund Lowe as Sergeant Quirt in "The Cock-Eyed World." This William Fox talkie deals with adventures of the American Marines

Noah Beery and Billie Dove in a dramatic scene in "Careers." This film is a First National and Vitaphone production that started a season at the Regal Cinema on September 21

WHILE Norma Shearer makes a handsome, dashing and graceful Mrs. Cheyney, the acting honours undoubtedly go to Basil Rathbone, excellent in the part of Lord Dilling. Mr. Rathbone, with his great good looks and splendid speaking voice, is, indeed, a valuable acquisition for the films. George Barraud, the butler, and Hedda Hopper, the cantankerous Lady Maria, are both excellent, but I am inclined to think that Herbert Bunston, the idiotic Lord Elton, clowned in a manner all too suggestive of P. G. Wodehouse's amiable but asinine young men whose outlook and observations are so amusing in the abstract. His Elton would have been in a mental home instead of at a house party. Perhaps, however, this is the fault of Sidney Franklin, the otherwise astute and capable director of this charming film.

"Honky Tonk," at the Piccadilly

THIS picture is almost as idiotic as its title, which is saying a good deal. Only an American producer would have conceived the brilliant idea of transforming the genial Sophie Tucker into a long-suffering American mamma working in a cabaret in order to keep her daughter at a fashionable boarding-school.

THE daughter, of course, knows nothing of her mother's shameful occupation until one day an unpleasant young man takes her to the night club where, witnessing what she conceives to be her mother's degradation, this imbecile falls into the young man's arms and asks to be taken as far away from her hard-working parent as is possible. Finally, she is persuaded that her mother isn't quite as bad as she had imagined, and soon we see her seated at a prominent supper table leading the applause while mamma sings with all the force of her lungs.

WHAT is the use of recruiting to the screen such interesting personalities as Maurice Chevalier and Sophie Tucker if they are to be handicapped by weak and idiotic stories almost too tedious for human endurance? E. S.

"The Rose of Pu Chui," at the Avenue Pavilion

THIS is the title of the first all-Chinese film to be seen in England. The story is taken from an old Chinese legend and tells of a young student who saves a monastery from an attack by brigands, and thus wins the girl of his heart.

CLEMENCE DANE writes on
The Problem of Book Lovers

RICHARD HUGHES
Whose book, "A High Wind in Jamaica," is the Book Society's selection for the month

WHICH would you rather have? A flawless book of the second rank, or a book of the first rank with flaws? This is not an idle question. It is a real problem for the modern lover and buyer of books; for the level of writing to-day is very high. Publishers' lists are full of first-rate books of the second rank, impeccable in form, in style and in plot; books lacking only one quality, that queer something (the equivalent of "charm" in a human being) which pervades any book of the first rank and is never there in any book of the second. And if the reader wants relaxation, it may well be that he will prefer a perfect example of work of the second rank to a flawed experiment of genius; may get more pleasure from *Westward Ho* than from *Wuthering Heights*. One does not always want to be exercising every muscle of one's imagination! It only remains for each reader to decide whether he prefers one of the rarer books with all its faults to the impeccable efforts of talent.

❋

A High Wind in Jamaica may help the decision. For here is a book unquestionably faulty, yet unquestionably touched with genius. There are moments when the reader is not perfectly sure of what his author means, and is further hampered by a doubt as to whether the author himself knows exactly what he is trying to do; but it is impossible to deny that here is an extraordinary, an unforgettable piece of work.

❋

THE scene is Jamaica; the date the middle of the nineteenth century. We are introduced to a group of ordinary, primish, Victorian children, who live with their English father and mother on an estate which has gone to rack and ruin since the emancipation of the negroes. Their lives are described through the mind of the remote and undemonstrative *Emily*, a little girl with the imagination and receptivity of a Brontë, and something, too, of the maddening dumbness of a Brontë. The children's life is changed by a high wind in Jamaica. (The picture of a hurricane that sweeps across the island in itself

"A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA"
By RICHARD HUGHES
(Chatto and Windus: 7s. 6d.)

makes the book worth reading.) The parents decide that life on the wrecked plantation is no longer suitable for the youngsters, so they are sent home to England by themselves. But the ship on which they travel is held up by pirates; the children are transferred to the pirates' ship, and word of their death goes to the heart-broken father and mother.

❋

NOW comes the new turn in the story. The children are anything but dead. *John*, indeed, is later killed in an accident, and the temporary fate

BY CHICOT

"That is my equestrian portrait"
"Ah! A very good snapshot"
"Snapshot! Why do you call it that?"
"Well, you're still on the horse!"

of *Margaret*, the Creole, is as hideous as it is inevitable; but the rest of the group are amiably treated. Indeed, the children become to a certain extent the tyrants of the situation; for the pirates are much more afraid of them than they of the pirates. With childhood's capacity for accepting life as it comes they settle down to the new state of affairs. Their inner life can as easily be lived on a pirate ship as in their parents' home. *Laura* still copes with her family of dolls; *Edward* still invents pirate plays that are far more exciting than the reality. Only *Emily* suffers.

❋

Emily, trembling on the edge of adolescence, lives in two worlds at once, the world of the animal-child and the world of the self-conscious individual. The repeated shocks of hurricane, separation, *John's* death, the mad life on the pirate vessel itself, have their effect on this double life of hers. Without losing her childish incapacity to relate cause and effect, she becomes "too wise in all she should not know." When, in a fit of panic, she involuntarily compasses the death of a helpless prisoner, the outrage on her childhood is complete. Nobody knows of her share in the murder; nobody ever does know; but the act looses upon her the adult terrors of conscience.

❋

"SHE was still only half aware of that secret criterion within her; but was terrified of it. . . . At the bottom of her heart she *knew* that one day some action of hers would rouse it, something awful done quite unwittingly would send it raging round her soul like a whirlwind."

❋

BUT this is the soul of a child! There is a ghastly little passage in De La Mare's *Memoirs of a Midget* describing how, if in winter you thrust a blackthorn twig in the fire its poor buds will burst into flower. Such a tormented innocence is *Emily's*, and she, too, is forced by fire into premature bloom; for, when the children are at last rescued and the pirates captured and tried, *Emily* is called upon to bear witness against them. Does she testify that these men had done her, at least, no harm? That she has been fond of the *Captain* and of *Otto*? Not she! She takes refuge in the ignorance and helplessness of her years, and her lispings hang the men. Does she know what she has done? Is she a fiend or is she innocent? *What is Emily?*

❋

"NO one," says E. M. Forster in his *Aspects of the Novel*, "except in a sort of auntish, wistful way, has tried to work back towards the psychology of the baby's mind and to utilise the literary wealth that must lie there. Perhaps it cannot be done!"

Perhaps not. But the author of this remarkable volume comes near doing it. In that last chapter when he leaves *Emily* in the haven of her seminary for young ladies, he confesses to failure.

"Looking at that gentle, happy throng of clean, innocent faces and soft graceful limbs, listening to the ceaseless, artless babble of chatter rising, perhaps God could have picked out from among them which was *Emily;* but I am sure that I could not."

But his very confession witnesses to the rest of us how near he has come to complete success.

BY LESLIE BUTLER

"Don't you love driving on a night like this?"
"Yes; but I thought we would wait until we got farther out"

if gossip w

Sasha

Miss Jessie Matthews shows a leg, and a very attractive one. She is the leading lady in C. B. Cochran's successful revue at the London Pavilion

By L. R. Brightwell

1st Sparrow: "Mrs. Chirp!"

2nd Sparrow: "Ah, you may well exclaim—I said something dreadful would happen if we nested on one of them modernist monuments"

Now that thousands of people take their holidays in what have been irreverently termed "floating boarding houses"—"a vacation cruise in an ocean-going liner" is the more dignified way of putting it—the advent of an entirely new vessel for that and other purposes is much more of an event than it used to be. A new ship is criticised like a new play. For her maiden cruise the 20,000-tons Orient liner Orontes had her Press contingent, just as did Mr. Bernard Shaw's *The Apple Cart*. The ship critics had rather a longer journey than the dramatic critics on that occasion. But they did not have to see a Shaw play at the end of it; they were merely landed at Southampton, each about a stone heavier than when he started.

For the food was Lucullan and the weather allowed it not only to be tackled but enjoyed. If the lobsters had been fished out of the sea as the ship was moving they could not have tasted fresher. The wine list was awe-inspiring, the cigars were in good condition (how rare this is at sea), and so obliging were the stewards that they grew quite worried when they saw somebody neither eating nor drinking. If during the tiny intervals between meals I happened to stroll along one of the many decks I was promptly pounced upon by a smiling person with a cup of soup or an ice or a whisky and soda.

S

The Orontes is luxury itself. What she is like as a sea boat I know not, since the Channel on this occasion was without even a ripple. For aught I know she will sit up on her propellers and beg like a dog in the bay, making her load of "Dinkum Aussies" (for the Australian service is to be her regular job) wish they had never left Wagga-Wagga. But this is hardly likely. I went many, many miles in another Orient ship, the Ormuz, which is older and smaller, and she behaved like a lamb in all weathers. I had gone to see off a friend at Tilbury, and remained seeing him off until we

Superstitious Culprit (*in tones of relief as others gather round*) "Not one of us sitting down to lunch!"

e must

reached Colombo, the delay being due as much to the comfort of the ship as to the qualities of the friend (male).

IN the Orontes we made a gay and impressive crowd, when all of us, including Sir Jeremiah Colman, were mustered. I made copious notes throughout the voyage. But the only one I retain is to the effect that "the ship's condensers are suspended from the low-pressure turbine casing with sufficient capacity to maintain a vacuum of 27¾ inches with sea-water temperature at 86° F., under Howden's forced draught arrangements."

After three days of "forced draught arrangements," owing to the company's boundless hospitality, I challenge anyone to deny the correctness of this.

ONE little criticism. The way of a ship at sea and the way of a chambermaid with a broom are incomprehensible things. Why, in almost any hotel, are the corridors swept in the still grey dawn? Everyone is awakened out of sleep at about 6 a.m. by the noise of sweeping and the bang of the wooden part of the broom against the bedroom door. Hotel corridors should be swept in the afternoons, when, if people are in the bedrooms, they shouldn't be.

Fox Photos

Civilisation has lost its charms for Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Glover, the explorers. Back again in England, they have made a tent at Cheshunt, their home, and lead the simple life complete with hunting kit and tame cheetah

SIMILARLY, *must* decks be swabbed down and deck furniture shifted about at, say, 4.15 a.m.? When one is in a cabin with these operations immediately overhead, sleep is impossible. In some French liners decks are cleaned in the daytime (in others, apparently, never). It may not be dignified to be sent fleeing from a deck chair by a hose that belches salt water, but it is better than a sleepless night.

I have a theory that the reason why English people look so stupid when they are at sea is that they are always half dozing owing to the ship's nocturnal cleansing arrangements.

Rose Marie is a good show of its kind—full of splash and colour and pretty tunes and lovely dresses, and about as hearty and as unsubtle as the crowds of red-faced men who, on the first night, drank bottled beer in vast quantities, the saloon and the interval. Never have I seen so much bottled beer consumed in so short a space of time, or known it made to disappear with such horrid zest. It is at any rate a

By Frank Whitburn

nd casualty): "Anyway, thank goodness, now there will be only twelve

G.P.U.

Happy George Lansbury! Not one of the Bright Young Things, but the First Commissioner of Works and a very enthusiastic supporter of "Brighter London" schemes, which include a Lido on the Serpentine

NUDITY THAT IS NOT NASTY

national custom. If the theatre produces statistics to show that not an inordinate amount of Bass, Guinness, Worthington, was sold on that evening, I will reply that in that case the audience brought it with them. For my mention of such names there is poetic precedent. Charles Stuart Calverley never saw *Rose Marie*, but he *did* write:—

"O Beer, O Hodgson,
Guinness, Allsopp, Bass!
Names that should be on every infants tongue!

SINCE the revival of *Rose Marie* is almost certain to make quite a lot of money no one will blame Sir Alfred Butt for putting it on. But I would point out that it is one of the few American musical productions that have been successful. I am glad to find Messrs. Clayton and Waller turning towards British plays, and I congratulate them sincerely both on their patriotism and their enterprise. Also on their common-sense. What are the indubitable musical successes of the year in London? *Bitter-Sweet, Wake Up and Dream. Mr. Cinders* and *The Co-optimists*. All of these are British. Can equally profitable results be claimed for the American shows—*The Five O'Clock Girl, Good News, Merry Merry, Castles in the Air*, and a string of others I forbear to mention?

IT will be a long time, probably, before we walk about the streets of London in a state of absolute nudity. Anyway, winter is coming on, and it is too late to try this year. But with the human form more or less divine, London has much familiarity by means of its publicly displayed photographs. This is a development which has come upon us so imperceptibly that no one seems to be astonished. Yet what would have happened even twenty years ago had the photograph of a naked woman been displayed in a Piccadilly shop window? Crowds would have collected, policemen would have blown whistles, old women would have fainted, cab-horses would have shied, peppery colonels would have written to *The Times*, and the Brigade of Guards would have been called out with fixed bayonets at the double.

Studio Daniel Chacun

Mistinguett, the Paris music-hall star of the famous smile and more famous legs, on the sands at La Baule with Harry Pilcer, the dancer. The latter used to partner Gaby Deslys in many of her shows

NOW nearly every artist's colourman or photographer has his pictorial nudities, and hardly anyone lingers to look at them. At the present moment there are three photographic exhibitions running—the London Salon of Photography, the Professional Photographers' at Prince's, and the Royal Photographic Society's. Beautiful and artistic shows, with quite a fair proportion of nudity. Yet there are bigger queues at the Zoo. We are growing more sensible and less prurient. That is all to the good.

THE

By A. R. CANE

REJECTED SUITOR: "I've made all sorts of concessions. Promised to give up smoking, drinking and my clubs and yet nothing will move you! Who on earth do you think you are, anyway? Philip Snowden?"

CURIOUS that Fay Compton and Harry Pelissier should have had simultaneous first-nights—one at the Comedy for the revival of *Secrets*, and the other in the Provinces for the first production of *Follow Through*. What visions of pre-War fun the coupling of these names conjures up! But the latter is, of course, Harry Pelissier the younger, and—remarkable in the extreme when one looks at the girlish Fay—the former's son. He is playing a grown-up part, and must have indeed grown up a good deal since I saw him with his

COULD THE "FOLLIES" COME BACK

MAN WHO SAID GRACE AT A CABARET

By Field Smith

mother two years ago at Kingsgate Castle, the great Lord Avebury's pseudo-mediæval mansion near Margate, which is now a hotel much beloved of the profession. Young Pelissier, whose other name is Anthony, was there, quite a boy, and a mighty good-looking one, too.

WHERE are the "Follies?" and could they ever be got together again? I doubt it. Their great leader is dead, and so is Gwennie Mars, who is remembered in her promising young niece, Marjorie Mars. Morris Harvey is still flourishing, and is as large, if not larger, than life. Dan Everard I have not heard of for some years, though he holds, I believe, the copyright, performing rights, etc., of the "Follies." Lewis Sydney has left the stage, and is working hard, as he told me when last I saw him, as a "printer and poulterer," and his wife is an ex-"Folly," Ethel Allandale. Muriel George, the songstress of the party, is popular on the variety stage as the singer of old English songs, with her husband, Ernest Butcher. No, I am not optimistic, or even co-optimistic, about a come-back for the "Follies."

THE THING THAT MATTERS

In a recent address George Bernard Shaw stated that the scantiness of modern women's dress was killing sex appeal.

ALTHOUGH I shun a crude ditty,
I feel I must confess
That when remarks on nudity
Are made by G.B.S.
It's really time for me in rhyme
One little point to stress.

Shaw tells us that the brevity
Of Modern Woman's kit
Arouses merely levity
And does not stir a bit
Those passions hot which are begot
By girls possessing "It"

But frankly I don't care a bit
If skirts are high or low,
If we have cause to stare a bit
At calf or furbelow—
I must confess it's not the dress
That sets my heart aglow

No! Whether it be bustle or
A dress that cannot hide
A large display of muscle or
A sun-browned back and side,
What counts with me is just the She
Who you will find inside.

B. W

Paul Tanqueray

Miss Gertrude Lawrence, who is such a success in America that, apart from an occasional fleeting visit to this country, she is a permanent attraction in New York. She is playing lead in the American version of "By Candlelight," which is the work of P. G. Wodehouse

SIR GERALD DU MAURIER'S REVIVAL of

SOME ATTRACTIVE NEW BRITISH DESIGNED DRESSES WORN BY THE CAST

MISS DOROTHY BLACK

Who plays "Mrs. Dearth," in a ninon frock the pointed draperies of which form a train at the back. The necklace with a long tassel lends an attractive touch to the tout ensemble

MISS GRACE WILSON

The "Diana" of the revival. Her light taffeta frock is modelled with the fashionable peacock line

MISS GLADYS FABER

As she appears as "Mrs. Purdy." Her black ring velvet gown with fluted draperies is of severe line, which is relieved by the long rope of pearls

MISS ELIZABETH POLLOCK

Who makes an attractive "Lady Caroline." She is wearing a picture frock of medieval inspiration, the richness of the tissue being set off by the coloured embroidery

Photographs by Sasha

"DEAR BRUTUS," at the PLAYHOUSE

Sasha

THE SCENE IN THE WOOD

Mr. Dearth (Gerald du Maurier) with the dream child, Margaret (Mary Casson). In the opinion of many this is the best of Sir James Barrie's plays. Apart from a word here and there it shows no sign of dating

"Wait for me. I'm coming!!"

Rain!

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

LIFE IS SO CRUDE

By CHRISTINE JOPE-SLADE

Illustrated by S. F. MAY

"The noise slit the torpid silence of the siesta hour like a knife"

FOR weeks everything had been going wrong in Corisande Smedley's pretty, tidy, porcelain life, and now it culminated in a blinding headache, incubated in a small flat in London, under a blazing, blistering, brassy August sky.

Queer and devastating how life *did* suddenly silt from under you, like running sand.

How angry she was. How irritated. How outraged. Her very skin, smooth and white and satiny, seemed crinkled and irritated in harmony with the state of her mind; almost as if her annoyance had amassed a form of physical prickly heat. All her life she had striven to keep life pretty and bland and unreal, and now it was corroded with reality.

She rose from her bed and crossed to the window, and the heat fanned her like the flickering of distant flames. Out in the square *the* girl was playing tennis. That was like her, loud and vulgar and coltish—80° in the shade in a London square, playing tennis at mid-day! One perspired. One grew beetrooty. One was physically unpleasant! Even her red hair seemed an affront in the golden glaze of the brilliant day. How *could* Lancelot, when he had been fed with the pure pale blue of his mother's delicate ideas; when all that had been filtered into his early mind had been so pure, so pretty, so distinguished and ennobling; nothing coarse, nothing common, nothing rapid, nothing violent—how *could* he fall in love with that—that *romp*, that buxom, hippy, vital, milkmaid creature!

Up and down she paced, Lancelot's mother, tall and somehow virginal for all her grey hair, in her pale lilac kimono. And her daughter, Heloise, brought up as a princess in a tower—pure, unspotted by the world—Heloise now in love with a married man who was going to get a divorce. It was too vulgar, too disgusting, too crude for words. Corisande Smedley, who had sheathed life in gentility, in daintiness, in refinement for her children, whose days had been one long, delicate insistence on niceties, to suffer this sudden, ruthless, coarse skinning of it all! It was an affront, an outrage, an insult.

The girl in the square was laughing. *What* a laugh! Like a strong, vulgar bird on the wing, these sounds cleaved the silence of the little square.

HOW *could* Lancelot! Lancelot, who had been brought up on the tradition of low-voiced, tall, slender, fair, sweet maidens! To fall for that creamy bundle of curves. That buxom bunch of rude health and raucous vitality. That child of the high school, and the local tennis club, and the local "hops." Brought up on sweets and cinemas, in an atmosphere of paper patterns and bits read out of the paper aloud; and odd cups of tea and cigarette smoke. Untidy product of an untidy life.

The parrot on the tiny balcony that adjoined her own tiny balcony shrieked again. The noise slit the torpid silence of the siesta hour like a knife. That, too, was a festering outrage, an insult. The people next door had gone out and left it there for the day. She covered her ears with her hands and buried her face in the pillow; but the echo of the ever-recurrent, high, single note shriek went on, like the humiliation, a remembered insult, searing her.

She picked up "All Quiet on the Western Front" Lancelot had asked her to read it. He said it was *the* book of the War, just as *Journey's End* was *the* play. How dared he! Why, the book was filthy—filthy, horrible, coarse! One *knew* that life was crude. One *knew* there were drains, and diseases, and funny people who did funny things, and fleas and dirt; but one did not acknowledge it. One did not go dragging it to the surface. She threw the book down and reached up to the little blue enamelled bookshelf above her bed. Swinburne. Rossetti. Dear, dear Tennyson with his "Faery Foam" and his "Lady of Shalott" and all the spun glass panoply of life. How grateful one was for that dear graciousness; but the spun glass procession in which she had so often lost herself and laved herself of the dust of reality now failed to move out of the pages or to emerge from the words.

AGAIN the parrot shrieked, rending the silence with a horrible low sound, like calico being torn against one's ears. She set her teeth. It was unbearable! And her husband, Graham, how *could* he take things so calmly considering how she had brought him up—raised him, positively *elevated* him! How could he crouch so low to earth after all the refining influence he had had. He liked Lancelot's girl. Said so openly. Said Corisande had created

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"an atmosphere" by not having her in the house. All her life she had created an atmosphere, and her whole life had gone to the maintenance of it; and now it was shredded, dissipated. Oh, it was too bad, too bad! Wasn't life crude enough without rubbing your nose in it? She was stiff with resentment, lying on her bed as if under the lash of a whip.

Again that single-note shriek of the parrot. She'd go mad if it went on—stark, staring, raving mad. And it was only noon! She ought to be away somewhere cool—under a green tree or by the sea, in the black curve of a breakwater shadow. But she was afraid to go away. Afraid that if she went they would all soil the prettily preserved colours of home life. She would not render it up to them. She would keep it inviolate at all costs, cuddle it round her as regalia.

Another aspirin. Just one more. Perhaps a cup of tea. No, too hot. Everything was too hot except fairy food. She felt she could face nothing but fairy food, whatever that was; some kind of nectar. Anyway, the human habit of eating was disgusting at all times, but in the hot weather it was demeaning. For days she had lived on spots of salad, and lemonade, and fragments of cold salmon, while the others ate cold meat and pies.

Again that bird splintering her ears with a sharp steel agony of sound. People should not have parrots. They should not be allowed; blaring, and blaring, and blaring away one's peace, like a trombone in the prayer hour! It was violation, absolute violation.

She struggled with Tennyson again. "Sunset and Evening Star, and one clear call for me."

She could evoke nothing. Life had her in its fat, hot, sticky, hateful, podgy, plebeian paw. She cried with rage.

By and by the maid came to her.

"Sure I can get you nothing, m'm?"

Of course, it was the creature's day out. She had forgotten. Usually she kept a compartment for the maid and suchlike creatures in her mind. A kind of Mother-Superior complex.

"Nothing, thank you, Susan. Don't be late."

"You've not forgotten Mr. Rogers is coming to dinner to-night, m'm? I have laid everything, and everything is on the sideboard with the glass cloth over it, because of the flies."

"Thank you, Susan."

"Oh, dear! that bird! Would you like me to tell the porter about it, m'm?"

"No, it's no good, Susan. The people have gone out for the day. It's insufferable that they should leave the creature there to shriek the heavens down—insufferable."

"Yes, m'm, I'm sure."

Susan went out. She was alone. Alone with the parrot. She shared the balcony with the next-door people—five railings in the exact middle actually dividing them. On her side were ivy geraniums; on theirs nothing but the parrot. She looked down at the cage. Nasty grey brute! She could so easily have reached over, taken the cage, and hurled it into the road below. She lingered over the idea for a second; then she crept back to her bedroom.

The hours crawled away—sound-tortured, she felt her whole nervous system was split open, submitted to the tracings of that vile bird's shriek; like a map of the nervous system laid flat for the scalpel. Over and over it he seemed to travel, outraging her. She went into the kitchen to get away from it, but it followed her there even. She hated kitchens.

The heat waxed and waxed. The evening placards and the papers would burst into a song over it. She began to cry, silly, weak, nervous tears coursing down her cheeks. Oh, that parrot! That parrot! It was torture. All her life she had preached self-control and discipline. The parrot removed this as a savage vandal might have removed her clothes.

Hours of it she endured, and there was nothing she could do against it.

God! How it wrought on her—and though she did not know it—how it *transformed* her!

At four o'clock, dry-mouthed and shaking at the knees with rage, she crept out on to the balcony. The square was empty, the streets utterly deserted. A white glow and glare met her eyes with the painfulness of smarting fumes. She had in her hand one of her husband's large silk handkerchiefs, and she had on strong gardening gauntlet gloves. She knelt down. Now no one could see her. A mantle of ivy geraniums foaming down from the boxes gave her sanctuary. She was laughing a little to herself. She opened the cage door, slipping her long, slender white hands through the bars. The parrot pecked at her savagely.

That was good. That made one enjoy things more. She threw the handkerchief over its head. She caught it. She pressed her fingers into its feathery throat, not too hard, not too hard. It struggled. It grew limp in her fingers. Its head wobbled sickeningly.

It was dead.

She took the silk handkerchief off. She felt no shame and no regret. She was still laughing a little. The sun beat down on her head like a light blow. Just a little bunch of strangled feathers—a *little* strangle didn't show. She smoothed the feathers. She put the parrot back carefully at the bottom of the cage. No one would ever see. No one could ever see. Heart failure! birds died of heart failure. You had to give canaries ipecacuanha wine, or something. The parrot looked very natural; just as if it had fallen off its perch dead. Very carefully she shut the door which had been facing her side of the tiny balcony. Cautiously, inch by inch, she turned the cage round so that the door faced the other side. Then, on her hands and knees, she crept back into her own bedroom.

From behind her white net curtains she peered out. Not a soul in sight. The sun shone out with the balefulness of a single ray beating up from a brass tray. She lay down and slept the sleep of pure exhaustion.

SHE woke with a start and lay crouched, flexed, as if a menace threatened her. Her mind uncoiled—and found the parrot. The room was grey, cooler. It was as if, during her sleep, water had seeped in and put out some unbearable glare and heat. She lay in it renewed, restored unto herself, and contemplated, terrified and aghast—the parrot.

It was not "Had she done it?" Her mind refused to toy with the idea. She had done it. It was the utter credulity of it that appalled her more than the destroyal of life, because it was a complete destroyal of all she had built up in herself. She had destroyed with one tight clench of her fingers a lifelong tradition and legend. She had evaporated herself, Corisande Smedley. The filigree woman! She had done something low, and vulgar, and primitive and ungovernable. She gasped, and she heard herself gasp. She was in terror because she was lost unto herself. Oh, she was frightened! It was not that she had suddenly become something with her act. It was that she had become nothing to herself, and was nothing.

"And as he stood there, he smiled"

Shivering and trembling, she got out of bed. Cautiously crouching on hands and knees she crept, in her pale kimono, on to the balcony; parting the glossy leaves of her ivy geraniums she peered down on the scene of her crime. The cage was exactly as she had left it, and the grey body of the bird lay inert at the bottom of it.

No escaping that! No evading it—and no wrapping it up in pretty phrases or even excuses. She had done it and rendered herself foreign unto herself thereby. That was so frightening. She was not the old Corisande Smedley any more. She was nobody. Her poise, or pose, the semblance of her—the picture she presented to herself and the world was utterly destroyed. She dressed herself shakily, wearily. Very soon her husband would be here. Her husband, who had somehow always been more like a layman with a nun than a husband with a wife with her, so full of respectful, adoring unease, so avid with apologies—living almost timorously, if gratefully, in the porcelain daintiness and refinement of his home.

SHE put on a lilac foulard gown, soft real lace, long ropes of fairly good imitation pearls. She had always admired herself as much as other people admired her. Now, when she looked at the mirror, it was a portrait of a stranger—a lovely, silvery, pale-coloured stranger. She gaped at it.

The door bell rang. She went to it.

Tom Rogers stood outside; beefy, little red radish of a man, successful stockbroker. His bold, blue pop-eyes travelled over the pale, gleaming length of her.

"By Jove, you look as cool as a long drink, what!"

Always she had been able to freeze him. Her assurance had been like a thin sheet of glass between them. Now there was nothing between them. She realised that with a queer kind of sickening horror. She had lost her personal sovereignty. She was quite defenceless before his heartiness, his cheery bourgeois honesty. He had in his arms a great sheaf of yellow Marechal Neil roses—a hot glow. She loathed hot, glowing flowers as she loathed hot, glowing colours; opalescent, mother-of-pearl shades were her speciality—mauve sweet peas, and frail scabious—the colourless, early spring flowers, snowdrops and cold little bluebells.

They went into the sitting-room together, and she drew up the green sun blinds.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed. "It's heavenly cool in here. What a swelterer! The things have been simply sticking to me all day."

Horrible details, revolting little man. Yet, the parrot had disarmed her. She had nothing with which to repulse him, to make him feel ashamed. Never again would she be able to make people feel ashamed. She heard her own voice—gentle, almost propitiating.

"Yes, it has been stifling."

"Yes, being in the City; goodness, it is good to be here.

(*Continued on page* 680)

An afternoon dress of black velvet with ochre lace collar and cuffs. The band of velvet outline yoke and skirt is in new downward line with the band running up back and centre front

Specially sketched for THE BYSTANDER. *Model Patou*

THE PRACTICAL DAY-TIME MODE

By BLANCHE B. ELLIOTT

FROCKS for day-time wear remain, of necessity, practical, though their line has changed. This is principally due to the altered position of the waist-line, which will, I fear, make many of us go somewhat ruefully through a wardrobe of existing frocks. Yet we have had signs of warning for some time, and should not have been caught altogether napping. Soon we shall have that feeling one so quickly gets towards a past fashion—did we *really* wear things like that? with a similar attitude towards even the smartest of last year's hats, which seem always to have become the wrong size, and strange, misshapen objects.

Changing Fashions

IN Paris fashions alter quicker and as though by magic. There is the greater nearness to the big houses; the little sempstress knows how the waist is being defined, the skirt lengthened; the mannequin is equally informed, and so are the many other beautiful creatures who go to make up the vast staffs of a big atelier. Secrets leak out, and one may see them reflected in the street and shop windows. Everyone joins in the great game where one has to be quick to seize an idea; to be the first with it, and in consequence the smartest and most intelligent, all of which gives such a glorious fillip to this great subject of clothes.

The Frock and Coat

THERE is a greater encroachment of the one-piece day-time frock in its new fitted form and fuller skirt which is accompanied by a short or three-quarter coat attractively carried out in the printed woollies (generally known as the tweed jersey), which is creating such a furore in Paris at the moment. There is quite an amusing idea in the "twin" print effects when the frock is in a larger pattern as the accompanying coat, but of the same design and fabric—or vice versa. The softness of their weaves make them singularly adaptable for the new moulded styles, with skirts that flare out in godets or the new ribbed effects (of which Worth shows many) rather resembling umbrellas. Though mostly we are to wear these frock and coat ensembles, happily we still have amongst us the coat and skirt, the Englishwoman's standby in what is so often an unkind climate. I liked a delicious tweed short coat and skirt Lelong showed with an upright collar of flat fur that went down the front and up the sleeves to the elbow. Patou does some classic examples with the clear-cut, beautiful line which proclaims him a tailor as well as couturier; there was a longish double-breasted coat, a single-breasted "smoking," and a three-quarter coat with a buttonhole, delightfully termed "snob," I especially noticed.

Sports Suits

NO one does the sports suit better than Chanel, and she showed a great many examples in tweeds worn with blouse or jumper. When the tweeds were striped or gaily patterned the jumper was plain; when with an indefinite "tweedy" pattern, the jumper was gay to distraction, with stripes—be it noted—all running horizontally!—and coats were lined to match. In fact, lines cease to run any other way unless with an occasional diagonal effect.

Blouses and Belts

WITH the return of the waist the blouse comes into its own again, and, of course, it is the "tuck-in" style only that is worn. It is, therefore, the moment for British manufacturers to be quick and clever to supply the kind we shall soon all be clamouring for. Neck-lines are particularly new, and have ends to tie and loop in a manner of ways. Vionnet's blouses are always an inspiration, and show, as do her frocks, their diagonal lines that reduce the female form into a pattern of geometric precision. On the few occasions that the jumper is worn *over* the skirt it sports a belt of some kind, so that smart buckles and belts will be needed. Metal clasps in shining modernist designs, sometimes touched with a bright colour to be echoed on hat, bag or shoe, are much used. Lelong, Patou and Chanel have placed them most effectively on many models. Belts, by the way, should be very narrow, and we shall need so many for different ensembles.

The "Week-end" Ensemble

SCHIAPARELLI is showing some very attractive sports clothes, using, as usual, original materials in an original way. She also shows the divided skirt with knickers for sports and some quite delicious tweeds. Molyneux was responsible for a daringly original ensemble called "Week-end," carried out in several designs. The little tweed or jersey coat was slipped off to show a georgette blouse with skirt buttoning on the side. A turn of the mannequin's body—a button unfastened, and the tweed skirt was whisked off to show a georgette foundation beneath, which became one with the blouse and resolved itself into a charming frock. Thus even a suit-case would be unnecessary for a quick week-end!

The Drooping Back

A VERY interesting line which is significant by its novelty is the downward droop of everything towards the back. This effect not only applies to the hem of the skirt, which reaches often to the floor, but also to the waist-line, the bolero or cape, the back of the hat. It is the essence of the fashionable contour. The effect is deliberately created in a manner of ways and enhanced by a—as deliberate—pull upward in front. Even belts dip at the back of the waist-line until I deeply suspect that they are especially shaped to this end. So often the low, deep-pointed back of the evening frock when in chiffon or lace is outlined by a cape-like frill which dips down to a point, the other draperies following suit. Boleros, either worn separately or in loose-backed effects on frocks, curve downward, also clearly bent on achieving this line, while hats come right down on the nape of the neck and off the forehead. The little sports felt shown with the Jenny costume illustrated by Scaioni fits down at the back of the neck, allowing the high fur collar to rise up outside it with a minimum of inconvenience. So important is this new back droop that it should be studied before one can grasp the full significance of the new styles.

Enter the Plaid

A NOVELTY for day or afternoon wear one must not forget to mention was the strong feeling for plaids shown by Louiseboulanger. Very striking were the little plaid velvet frocks she showed, some with the short fur coats that are to replace the long for walking. Some houses showed a velvet with tweed or jersey, which seemed a singularly inappropriate combination, a soft-coloured leather with tweed, also seen a good deal, being far more suitable. But it is unwise to prophesy with fashions or with the Stock Exchange, as anything might happen at any moment to either! This may, of course, be the secret of their fascination for those who follow them closely.

NEXT WEEK! ***October 2.***

"THE BYSTANDER"
will publish a special
AUTUMN SPORTS NUMBER
with a
HUNTING SECTION.

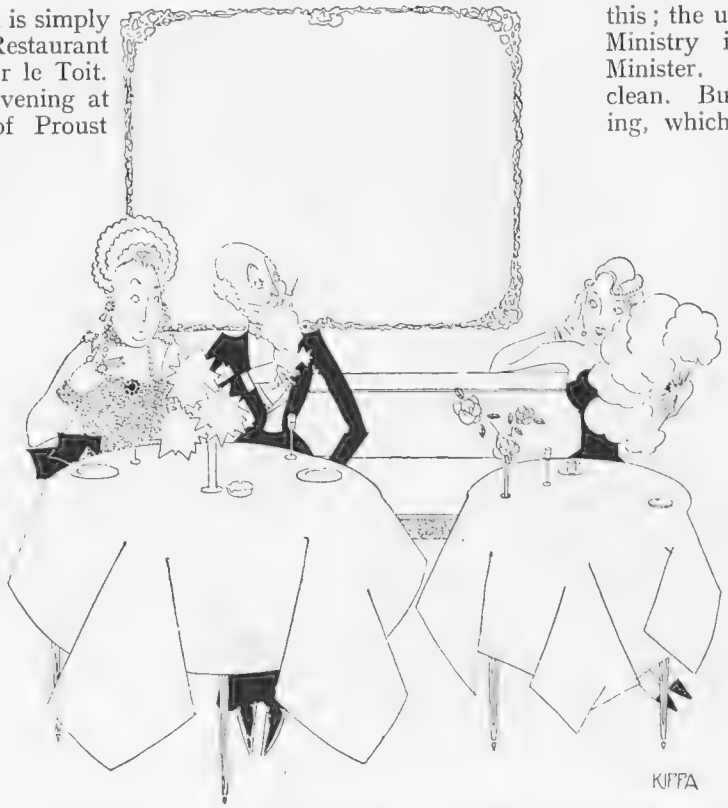
A complete list of Foxhounds will be included as a separate supplement to this number, which will contain
ALL THE USUAL FEATURES.

Model by Jenny
A charming example of the fashionable alliance of flat fur with tweed jersey

EXCLUSIVE BYSTANDER PHOTOGRAPH BY SCAIONI PARIS.

PARIS GOSSIP

THE ANCIENT and MODERN in PARIS



"White-bearded Frenchmen with roving eyes, accompanied by wives who are still wearing pompadours"

By SYLVIA LYON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KIPPA

It is a far cry, in fact, it is simply a yell, from the Restaurant Larue to the Bœuf sur le Toit. We dined the other evening at Larue, where the ghost of Proust stalks, where the seats are still of red satin, and the lustres feebly electric, where the average age of the waiters is one hundred and eight, and the food is so good that no superior old-timer can say "But you should have eaten here before the War." Going later to the newly reopened Bœuf, we saw that it is the newer landmarks that demand constant change. The band has been moved to the far end of the restaurant, and mounted upon a platform whose base is made of upright illuminated glass tubes. But I hope the new band is only temporary, for it is not so good as last season's. At one time it was a novelty to hear American negroes sing a French song now and then; of late they sing a song or two in German.

And if white-bearded Frenchmen with roving eyes, accompanied by wives who are still wearing pompadours, and pearls as *is* pearls, and who look as though they stepped out of an early Renoir or Berthe Morisot painting, eating regardless of Dr. Mayo's eighteen-day diet or Dr. Hauser's seven-day one, are to be seen at Larue, at the Bœuf are more pretty girls and young married women than anywhere else in Paris. And now, since Briand's famous luncheon at Geneva, the season is getting a good start by, with international hospitality, reserving its best tables for German boys who wear bracelets.

Some people say that, basically, Paris never changes. But architecturally a vast transition is taking place. The new building at the corner of the Champs Elysées and the Rue Quentin Bauchart (the word "building" is now included in the current French vocabulary) is nearing its white set-back complexion, taking the place of the old Hôtel de Gramont. And the Duchesse de Gramont has moved into one of the new modern Mallet-Stevens houses at Auteuil. One architect proposes to tear down all the houses on the quai from the Place d'Alma to Auteuil, in order to build a great garden similar to the Tuileries. Another wants to remove les Halles, "le ventre de Paris," where there was recently a fire, and construct a vast garden area from the rue du Louvre to the Hôtel de Ville, removing everything in sight except such architectural beauties as the Gothic Tour St. Jacques. With business moving westward towards the Etoile, English and American residents are desirous of acquiring apartments along the left river bank, from the Quai Voltaire down to the Quai Borbon, which is the most splendid, quiet, romantic, majestic, and incidentally unhealthy, quarter of Paris. In fact, the fad is so evident that the authorities, fearing the modern notions of their Nordic neighbours, are about to classify or preserve the entire Ile-St. Louis.

One may notice that, facing the Palais Royale, the windows of the Ministère de Finance are far from clean. I found out the reason for this; the upkeep of the interior of the Ministry is in the hands of the Minister. He does keep his windows clean. But the outside of the building, which is part of the Louvre, is under the domain of the Ministère des Beaux Arts. They never seem able to have two corps of workmen working together, so that if Monsieur Marraud's windows are bright and shiny, Monsieur Chèron's are not.

"Les Cahiers Secrets" of the Comte Robert de Montesquiou will have to remain secret for some time, as some of his notes are unpublishable while the subjects, or victims, are still alive. However, some of his "secrets" have leaked out. Many years ago, at a soirée (how many years ago that word alone sounds), Montesquiou was breathing some of his wit upon a young English girl named Margot Tennant. Suddenly, in the middle of a sentence, she disappeared, like smoke. Looking about for her in astonishment, she rose, again like smoke, from the floor. While he had been talking she had sunk to the floor, "making the split," and rose again, still holding a champagne glass, from which not one drop had been spilled, and, looking calmly at Montesquiou, murmured, ". . . you were saying?"

Seen during the past week in Paris: ten thousand birds, rabbits, and young bucks, displayed, some of them cruelly alive, at les Halles, considerably outnumbering the number of licences granted to mighty hunters of the "region Parisienne"; a beggar refusing Belgian coins, which until a few weeks ago were accepted as legal tender by the very best beggars; extra agents de ville on guard before the British Embassy; Lady Astor and Adolphe Menjou at the Ritz, not, of course, together; Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks sneaking in and out of Paris; the entire Conseil des Ministres, with the exception of the elegant Tardieu, taking a suburban train to lunch with President Doumergue at Rambouillet; Mistinguett hung with

(Continued on page 678)

REFLECTIONS

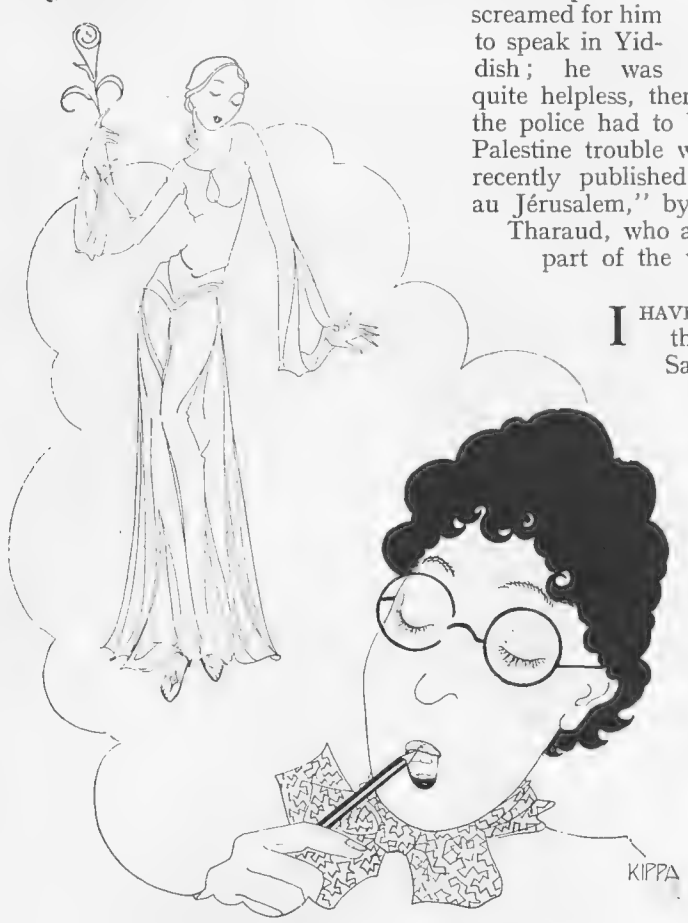
A remarkably fine aquatic study by Josef Sudek. It is one of the photographs included in the Seventy-Fourth Annual International Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society at 35, Russell Square, W.C.2

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 676)

diamonds at the Ritz bar, of all places, with one of the Rocky Twins, who dance at the Concert Mayol, and Arturo Lopez; everybody in town out to see a grand fire when the "manutention militaire" in the Avenue de Tokio burned, this being the establishment where flour is made and bread baked for the Paris garrison, so that all the soldiers, I suppose, had toast the next day, to their great surprise; home-again and sunburned speculators sitting around midday cocktails and the stock ticker *chez* Cuvillier in the Champs-Elysées; the opening of a branch of Boissier in the same avenue, now making a trio of tea places, what with Sirdar's and Sherry's; Harry Pilcer telling Ivan Kahn, the Hollywood impressario, what a perfectly *gorgeous* sound picture he could make based on the life of Gaby Deslys; the public turning away in despair from Boulevard cinemas where old, old American or bad French films are being shown until the ridiculous film ratio is revised; and that rare treat: divorce news in a French paper.

THE Princesse Jacques de Broglie is suing her husband for non-support. Technically, it isn't for divorce; it's for "*separation des biens*." This is Jacques de Broglie's second wife, the first having been the Princesse de Wagram.

"*That rare treat: divorce news in a French newspaper*"



"'*Be beautiful and let me invent you*' *said the poets*"

General "low-down": Comtesse de Maille-Nesle, *née* Carmen de la Rochefoucauld, has produced a son, and Jean Cocteau has gone Bolshevik. He has turned Bolshevik in a most inconsistent way, as he seemed to be quite content living in a house at St. Cloud, given to him by Gabrielle Chanel, who likes to encourage artists and authors, and thought a little fresh air might do him good.

WHEN Rabbi Wise spoke at the Salle Wagram at the time of the Palestine massacre, five thousand Semites from the "quartier du Temple" screamed for him to speak in Yiddish; he was quite helpless, there was a row, and the police had to be called in. The Palestine trouble was foretold in the recently published "L'An Prochain au Jérusalem," by Jean and Jerome Tharaud, who are experts on that part of the world.

I HAVE just heard that in the guest rooms at Sacha Guitry's country place nicely printed little placards announce that "Visitors who are invited from Friday to Monday are not expected to stay over until Wednesday."

Old enough to inherit something of the Paris that is past, and young enough to write with sympathy of the present, a deep but delicious, profound, sensitive, and amusing picture of the Parisian scene has been transferred into the pages of "La Vie Parisienne au Théâtre," by Francis de Croisset. He treats principally the evolution of life in Paris as reflected in the works of the great French dramatists. At the time of Pailleron, Meilhac, and Capus, the Parisienne was content to be beautiful.

"BE beautiful, and keep quiet," wrote Theophile Gautier. "Be beautiful, and let us do the talking," said the brilliant conversationalists. "Be beautiful, and thus honour me," said the husbands. "Be beautiful, and let me invent you," said the poets. "Be beautiful, and let me adore you," said the lovers. "Be beautiful, and let me dress you," said the *couturiers*.

IT was Henri Laveden, according to de Croisset, who was the first to introduce the genial sexless spirit of *camaraderie* to the French stage with his play, *Le Nouveau Jeu*, a tremendous step in playwriting, considering the impressionable Lavedan's youth. He was the son of the Comte de Lavedan, a Prefect under the Second Empire.

S. L.

THE GREAT PROFESSIONAL TOURNAMENT

Archie Compston, whose dour fighting qualities make him a strong opponent, driving from the second tee. Although many leading players, including the brothers Whitcombe and T. H. Cotton, went under in the second round, Compston won through, beating J. E. Morris by 4 and 2

Photographs L.N.A.

T. H. Cotton, of Langley Park, playing out of a bunker at the tenth, during the "News of the World" £1,040 Professional Tournament at Wentworth. A very large number of entries was received, including last year's winner, C. A. Whitcombe (seen inset), who was knocked out in the second round by H. Large, of St. Helen's.

LIFE IS SO CRUDE (*continued from page 673*)

Look, these flowers are for you. By Jove! it's good to look at you, too. Never seen you look so nice—cool."

She took the flowers. She had kinship with him for the first time and could not deny it. There were no barriers between them. The parrot had destroyed them all. She was on his level—this little, pink, pip-squeak from the City with his mind full of figures, and drinks, and bridge, and musical comedy, and golf. There was no difference between them. It was as if she were a King's daughter who suddenly finds herself, not only illegitimate, but obscured.

"Thank you so much. They are beautiful."

"By Jove! so are you to-night." She smiled.

What good to try and ward people off! The parrot had dethroned her.

"By Jove! you are a pretty woman. Do you know, somehow until to-night I always thought you were—oh! I don't know—stand-offish."

His eyes burned in his pink face like gentians. There were little pearls of perspiration on his upper lip. Horrible, common little man; so hot, so close to the earth.

HE put his hands on her shoulders and he kissed her. She suffered him. She had nothing left with which to resist him. That quality by which she "froze" people, kept them at arm's length, was destroyed. The parrot had destroyed it. It had taken from her her exclusiveness.

The door opened while she was in Roger's arms. Her son Lancelot stood there—and as he stood there he smiled.

She could not wipe that smile off his face, either. It agonised her. She could not defeat it. She was herself defeated. She was entirely silent.

"Hullo, Mum! Hullo, Sir."

Rogers was sticky with embarrassment.

"I didn't hear you, Lancelot."

"No."

It was a drawl. Then suddenly he looked direct at her, this boy of hers.

"I shan't be in to supper. I just came home early to change. I am going out with Heloise and her boy-friend. We are going to a dance."

"Who's Heloise's boy-friend?" said Rogers.

Lancelot's smile was queer, twisted. It was directed on to his mother. His meticulous, fairy princess mother—and it was speculative.

"Heloise has fallen for a fellow—decent chap—only he happens to be married."

"Pretty awkward, what!"

"Yes, that about expresses it, sir. His wife's a nasty bit of work; ran off with someone else and he was too sick to bother to get a divorce, but now—Mother has rather strong ideas, haven't you, Mother."

What could she say? That slightly mocking glance—still, speculative, quizzical. It was not that that mowed her down, that rendered her defenceless; it was the memory of the parrot.

"Life's so crude, isn't it, Mother?"

He could gibe and gibe with bitterness. He, who had always done obeisance before her, whose attitude had always been a charming genuflexion before a plaster saint.

"I don't know, Lancelot. Perhaps I don't see things quite—straight."

He held her, he thought, at the point of a sword, this son of hers, because of the kiss he had seen that had destroyed her. He had no idea that that was incidental, that a parrot had destroyed her and rendered her up to him.

"THEN should Heloise bring him round to-night? They are celebrating really. The case is up for next month's sessions, and the lawyer says he thinks it will go through, although it is at the end of the list. Let her bring him round. We'll go and have a spot of food, and dance a bit, and then we'll come back. By the bye, how do you like 'All Quiet on the Western Front'?"

"Well—Lancelot—I don't altogether understand it."

"Oh, you understand a lot more than you think, Mother."

He was baiting, but there was no kick in her—nothing. She looked into his handsome face.

"Is he a decent chap, really, this fellow of Heloise?"

"One of the very best, sir, a sportsman, and naturally he has had a bad deal—bad bit of work, his missis."

Tom Rogers turned to his hostess. He was cooler now. He looked less appallingly bovine.

"Oh, well," he said, "these things happen." Pity Heloise couldn't pick a beginner, but you can't arrange these things."

"Shall I tell her to bring him back, Mother?"

She opened and shut her mouth. She nodded. The glaze was broken. She was out of her glass case. She was no longer precious or armed. She was incorporated in life, its dust, its commonness, and she felt a queer relief—a strange peace. Common clay!

"Yes, tell Heloise to bring him back for a whisky and soda."

"Yes—and, mother . . ."

"What, Lancelot?"

"I am taking Maggie—we are making it a foursome . . ."

Now he was openly challenging her, flaunting her. He thought she had been betrayed to him by a stray kiss. Silly boy. She had been betrayed to herself—and by a parrot.

"She'd better come along, too."

His faced cleared. He nodded. He laughed, half shyly.

"Righto! We'll be along about eleven."

He thought, "How lucky to have seen that kiss."

It put them for the first time in their lives on a level, but he was a little shocked—considerably affronted. One had not thought . . . Mother had always seemed . . . You can never tell . . .

Well, anyway, no more Virgin mother princess who slept on a pea, monkey-business. Good-bye to all that.

He loved his nice, healthy, rosy, bourgeois little sweetheart considerably, and he was still sore at the treatment meted out to her. He found that as far as she was concerned it was over, and the old lady had had to capitulate. She was crude, was she? and her people were not out of the top drawer! What about coming in and finding your own mother . . .

HIS father came in, a tall grey man with tired eyes. The boy looked from father to mother with a very faint smile.

"Hullo, Dad!"

"Hullo, Son!"

"Don't go to bed early. We are all coming back—Heloise and Johnny, and Maggie and I."

The man's nice eyes lit up.

"Why, that is splendid! Of course, I shan't go to bed and I shan't let Rogers go either. Parrot been worrying you, to-day, Ladybird? I wish I could wring that damned bird's neck . . ."

"*And* I can see you doing it! *Why*, you'd put a flea on a new 'bus and buy its ticket," said Rogers.

Graham Smedley laughed depreciatingly.

"Oh, well, it makes you feel like that—gives the poor old Ladybird such a headache. Has he been very bad to-day?"

"No, only this morning."

She turned away. She was suddenly very tired and yet strangely at peace.

"Well, cheerio, folks! I am going to have a bath and dress."

Lancelot came and kissed his mother a trifle in gratitude, a trifle mockingly. He had never kissed her like that—nonchalantly—yet there was a strange comfort about it. He was closer to her in that moment than he had ever been.

"Good-bye, dear, have a nice time."

"You bet we do."

"I'm so sorry, Corisande. There, I've done it again. Thirty years she has been trying to break me of dropping ash on the carpet. I have never learnt yet. Sorry, darling! Disgusting habit."

She turned and smiled at him suddenly.

"It doesn't matter, Graham. They say it keeps the moth out."

* * * *

Her son came dashing in, in evening dress, hat in hand.

"I say, folks! I have a bit of the best news for years for you. What do you think has happened? That damned bird's dead—that parrot. They found it at the bottom of its cage when they came home. Heart failure! Thought that would brace you all up a bit. Hall porter just told me. I thought I must come back and tell you."

"What parrot are you talking about?" said Rogers.

Corisande Smedley passed her tongue over her dry lips.

"Oh . . . one . . . that used . . . to shriek a lot," she said.

C. J.-S.

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

TOO MUCH DISCRETION

By RALPH STRAUS

Lenare

MISS REBECCA WEST

Whose new book, "Harriet Hume," was recently published by Hutchinson

A really glorious indiscretion is one of those things for which most of us long and see only once in the bluest of moons. The Vigilant Society cranks may say what they like, and the Mr. Douglas who did not write *South Wind* may fulminate, but in this country we do carry discretion to the most extraordinary lengths. And the silly part of the business is this: so many good people seem to think that if you are indiscreet you must necessarily be guilty of a serious lapse in good taste. Idiots!

❋

All of which follows from a little affair in which a go-ahead publisher and a novelist, who is also not unknown as a biographer, and a personal friend of His Majesty the King played their parts just about a year ago. The publisher considered that an intimate sketch of the King, which showed not only His Majesty as he is, but what it means being a King, would be of great interest to all the world. The novelist, who, incidentally, was in a position to obtain much unusual information, agreed to write the book, but only in the event of His Majesty being in principle not opposed to the scheme.

❋

Steps were therefore taken to discover what the correct procedure might be, and finally the personal friend was approached. His reply was uncompromising. His Majesty, he said, would by no means view the proposed book with *anything* like approbation. For which reason the project was naturally and hurriedly dropped. And now in its place we have Sir George Arthur's *King George V: A Sketch of a Great Ruler* (Cape: 10s.).

RICHARD ALDINGTON

Whose new book, "Death of a Hero" (Chatto and Windus), is reviewed on this page

❋

Well, I do not know what steps Kitchener's biographer thought fit to take in the matter, but the result to my mind is certainly disappointing. It is all rather like one long leading article, which might have been written by anybody with a file of *The Times* handy. It is not without dignity, there do not seem to be any mistakes, and one or two stories are possibly new.

❋

But it has all the defects of the "official" book without being official. There is no intimacy, and little enough background. You may argue, of course, that in a book of this kind all sorts of difficulties present themselves, and that in fairness to His Majesty only certain things must be said, and that is certainly true. That, however, is not to say that the book must be without picturesqueness and almost without humanity. That is not to say that it must be a kind of State panorama, cold and starchified and aloof, without the pawky touches which even officialdom permits to-day. No; Sir George, it seems to me, has been a little too careful, a little too discreet.

❋

Again, Frances Lady Warwick has certainly not erred on the side of indiscretion in her autobiographical *Life's Ebb and Flow* (Hutchinson: 24s.). This is a book which has its interesting, and even exciting, moments—as, for instance her flying to London after a fancy dress ball at Warwick Castle to give the Socialistic editor who had attacked it, and her, a piece of her mind, and instead being promptly "converted"—but there are too many rather dull letters and too many rather dull lists of "celebrities" included. Yet, I admit, there are chapters which have their importance as well as their entertainment, and Lady Warwick herself occupies a peculiar niche in the social history of her time. Also, she was not allowed to lift the veil from what would probably have been a real "war-time revelation," and that is a pity. There are still some things, it seems, which you must not say about the War.

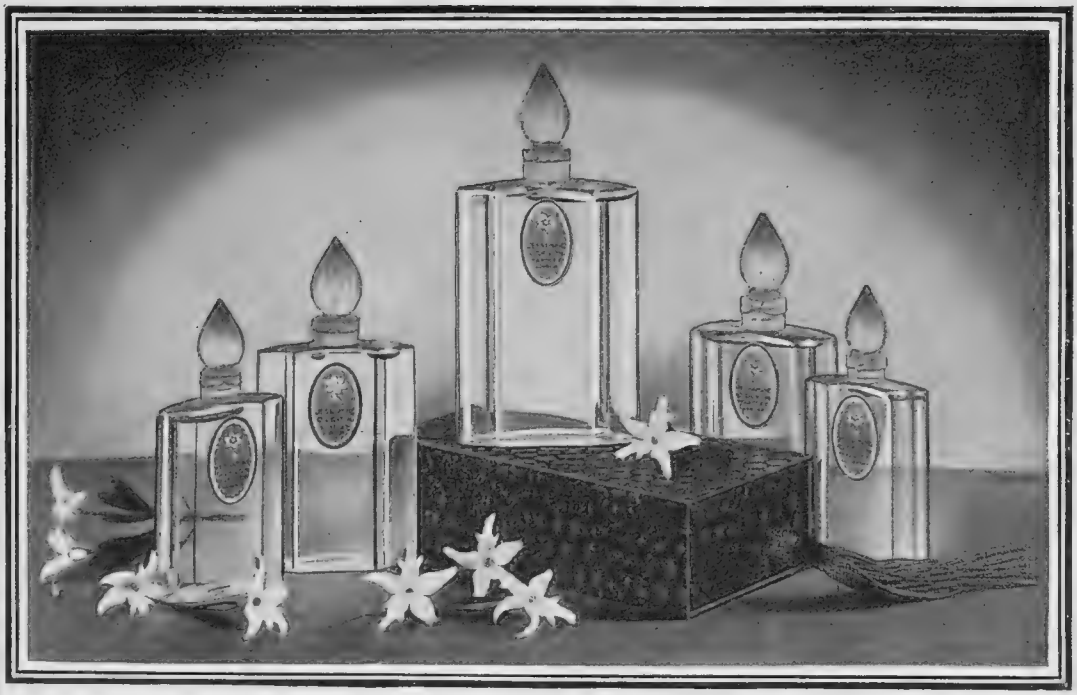
❋

There are still, too, things which you must not say about other matters besides the War. I have just read Mr. Richard Aldington's novel, *Death of a Hero* (Chatto and Windus: 8s. 6d.). He is a poet and a man of letters who has waited for some time before attempting a novel. But when he did try, "to my astonishment," he tells us, "my publishers informed me that certain words, phrases, sentences, and even passages, are at present taboo in England." And so you have asterisks here and there instead of good plain English; and although you will easily be able to supply some of the missing words, quite a number of them will probably "stump" you.

❋

But what of the book itself? Personally, I found it fascinating. It would have been impossible twenty years ago. It cheerfully breaks most of the rules. No doubt some people

(Continued on page 684)



Sometimes a little sleepy Devon breeze will caress you with a fragrance so breath-taking that for an instant of enchanted time you'll be away through the gap in the hedge, in fairyland. . . . That fragrance is Yardley's lovely captive in the exquisite

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 682)

By Frank Ford

"I could tell you quite a lot about Old Prints"
"Old Prince who?"

will find it very shocking indeed, because, although the publishers asked for asterisks, Aldington had something of real importance to say, and says it, and be damned to you. At times he says it in a fine poetical prose, at others in the rough words of an ordinary conversation. He is telling you about a more or less "ordinary" fellow who went to the War, and loathed it, and had trouble with two women, and was killed, and he tells you this man's story as he believed it to be—the sheer, stark truth. They did not always like the truth in the old days; they do not always like it to-day. You may not like it yourself, but there it is.

❋

And they talk about the German war books! Aldington's war scenes strike me as being every bit as vivid and dreadful as any of them. There is no satire about *them*, though there may be a little about those hardly less dreadful scenes on the home front. Yes, this is a big book, and commendably indiscreet. It has more than 400 pages, and I read them through at a sitting. But some people will talk about a censor again, in spite of the asterisks. No matter; Mr. Aldington can afford to smile.

❋

Talking about the censor, moreover, reminds me that a most intelligent woman "with no nonsense about her" gave it as her considered opinion that Sarah Salt's new novel, *Joy is My Name* (Gollancz. 7*s.* 6*d.*), ought to be banned. She thought it "a most immoral and nasty book." Myself, I would not be so definite. It is a story of the stage, and it ends in the heroine going, as they say, to the dogs. Very much to the dogs. It is one of those tragedies which do happen, and not only on the stage. I confess that I would have preferred a less harrowing ending, but again I have only to say: there it is. The novel, by the way, is by no means wholly a tragedy, and the purely theatrical scenes are exceedingly good.

❋

I must mention two other novels with much to commend them. One is Miss Rebecca West's *Harriet Hume* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—a queerly elusive and rather jolly fairy-tale of to-day, with a wickedly satirical background. The first chapter did not greatly impress me, but the interest rapidly grows. If there be a lesson to be learnt from its carefully composed (and sometimes very beautiful) sentences, it is that statesmen-financiers who go a little too far in their search for money and power ought to have nothing to do with coy little witches who live in Kensington and can read people's thoughts.

❋

There is also *The Buried Stream* (Cape: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Lilian Bowes-Lyon. This may be too subtle for all tastes, but I found in it both understanding and beauty. The story itself is of the slightest—it is little more than a sketch of some half-dozen relations gathered on a farm and waiting for the owner to die—but for a first novel it has unusual merits, and Juliet's resolve to put her brother out of his misery does not strike me as being far-fetched.

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

Now that Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have announced the prize-winner in their Religious Novel Competition there will be many who will be interested to know something of its extent and attraction. Four hundred and fifty manuscripts were submitted for the competition, the majority from Great Britain, but some from the Channel Islands, Gold Coast, Rhodesia, and Egypt. The publishers were interested to receive a remarkably high proportion of historical novels, and the winning book is the work of Miss Lettice Ulpha Cooper.

❋

Cape's have just published Mr. Liam O'Flaherty's new novel, *The House of Gold*. This is an interesting picture of the Irish countryside after the revolution and the overthrow of the feudal landowning system. The hero, Ramon Costello, a self-made man, his old peasant mother and sister Mary are the characters of this story, which should prove interesting.

❋

Benns have published *Carr*, an imaginary biography by Miss Phyllis Bentley. This book is the result of an original and interesting idea, Miss Bentley having written a life of Philip Joseph Carr, a fictitious character, in exactly the manner of a standard biography of a great personage. Carr is a lovable but easily led West Riding manufacturer, and his story, and that of his heiress cousin, Catherine Ainsley, are interwoven with the fortunes of the delightful Cordelia Eastwood.

❋

The Room in the Tower, by E. F. Benson, is a volume of tales of the supernatural. These stories were first published in 1922; last Christmas one was broadcast from 2LO, and as a result of the interest taken the book has just been published by Knopf.

GARDEN DESIGNING BY GAZES

It is interesting to note the simplicity and antiquity of this beautiful formal Garden with sunken lawn awarded a Silver Cup at the R.H.S. Show, Chelsea, 1929.

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Battersby IRON HAT

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The distinction you can afford.

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Fashions Fancies

A FEMININE VERSION OF A MASCULINE MODE

The boudoir suit of to-day is very different from the severe pyjamas which women wore when first they adopted such garments. Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, sponsor the coral-hued satin beauté suit depicted on this page. The lace coat, which is exactly the same shade, dips at the back, and has a hem and circular cuffs of chiffon. Like all the new lingerie, it reflects the gracious trend of modern fashions

The Gossard Line of Beauty

THE MAGIC TOUCH

GOSSARD garments impart a touch of magic, and make all the difference between a perfectly gowned woman and one who is careless in her selection of foundation wear. From the Gossard Line of Beauty it is an easy matter to select just those supporting garments that will give the correct note of smartness combined with that ease of movement and unrestricted comfort so essential to the modern woman's diversified activities. In all designs of up-to-date corsetry, in all types of foundations, for all types of figures Gossard's are supreme.

The model illustrated (No. 1007) is a GOSSARD Clasp-around for the average figure. It is a design which gives the new waist line so necessary to the modern frocks. Made in pink satin brocade and elastic. Sizes 26in. to 36in.

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A shingle wig that is a tribute to the perfection of the work of the Universal Hair Co. and a curly chignon which can be easily and securely affixed to short hair

Pastel-hued Furs

PERHAPS nothing is more flattering to a woman's appearance than a large fox stole, soft and lustrous, and beautifully shaded. This year they are enjoying a tremendous vogue, not only in their natural colours, but dyed in such hues as beige, cocoa, peach, or mauve. Sketched on the right of this page is a splendidly marked silver fox, which comes from the Fraser Fur Co., 237, Regent Street, whose showrooms are on the first floor. It is of double fur, and costs only 39 guineas. The handsome coat is of Persian lamb, with an upstanding collar and novel cuffs of lynx. It is lined with *crêpe de Chine* which has a deep woven border, the price being 65 guineas. Their new illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent gratis and post free on request.

Shirts which Achieve Perfection

WITH the advent of autumn the trailing draperies of the summer are banished, and in their place appear neat street suits which are very pleasant to behold. In themselves these present no difficulties, for the tailor who is a master of his art seldom makes mistakes. It is the choice of the shirt which sometimes causes hesitation—and disaster! Women who have earned a reputation for always dressing irreproachably have set the seal of their approval on Celes shirts, which can be obtained practically everywhere. Admirably cut, in heavy washing silk or Celes *crêpe*, they are available in a host of lovely colours, plain, or in striped designs. In the centre of this page is a smart tucked-in golf shirt, with a breast pocket. Below it a V-necked jumper is adorned with scalloped edges, narrowly piped in a contrasting shade. This can be worn over or inside the skirt.

Shingled v. Long Hair

THERE can be no doubt that the slender lines of the new evening dresses really do demand something rather dignified in the way of hairdressing. Hence the popularity of the Grecian knot for those who are able to adopt this style successfully. And for the others—there are many women who will not even contemplate giving up the freedom of the youthful-looking shingle,

Sportswomen will appreciate the merits of this smart Celes shirt, which is tailored in heavy washing silk. The jumper is scalloped and piped with a contrasting shade

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

and so, when evening comes, they firmly attach to the short hair at the back of their heads loosely waved and curled *chignons*. The Universal Hair Company make these on a net foundation at prices ranging from 21*s.* 9*d.*, and so perfect is the workmanship that their appearance is absolutely natural. Also illustrated at the head of this page is a loosely waved brown shingle wig, which may be procured for 8 guineas. Their West End address is 1, Berners Street, and they will be pleased to forward an illustrated catalogue on application.

A Noteworthy Event

OCTOBER the first, second and third are dates to be noted, for it is then that Gorringes, of Buckingham Palace Road, are giving their next Dress Show. The display has been arranged by Mrs. Lovat Fraser. The stage and the lighting have been specially designed to show to the best possible advantage the various frocks, wraps, and hats that will be featured. As there is a great demand for seats it is advisable to apply at the very earliest opportunity. Naturally, tickets will be sent gratis and post free.

Excellent Advice

THE home lover, the sports girl, and every woman who is planning her autumn and winter wardrobe will welcome the new catalogue which has been issued by Peter Robinson, of Regent Street and Oxford Street. Its sixty-four pages are filled with excellent illustrations which cover the whole field of clothes and accessories for the day and evening, of *lingerie*, and of household linen and soft furnishings. Also many new materials are depicted, so that a good idea of their appearance may be gained. It will prove a valuable guide, and should be sent for without delay, when it will be forwarded without any charge.

Persian lamb is one of Fashion's favourite furs. Here it is seen allied with a luxurious collar and cuffs of lynx. Together with the silver fox stole, it comes from the Fraser Fur Co.

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..BUT NOT A SINGLE SPLINTER!

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25th July 1929.

The Triplex Safety Glass Co. Ltd.,
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1, Albemarle Street,
W. 1.

Dear Sirs,

I beg to enclose two photos of an Austin Seven Saloon which turned over whilst travelling at about 60 m.p.h. in the New Forest on Sunday last. I understand that the driver was the only occupant and that he was taken to Romsey Cottage Hospital suffering from injuries to his arm

As you will see, the body work is smashed to matchwood, but the Triplex glass windscreen is no more than starred and cracked, not a single splinter having flown.

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MOTOR NOTES

THE PAPER-BAG BRIGADE

Lord Baden-Powell in the grounds of his Hampshire home, Pax Hill, Bentley, with the Rolls-Royce presented to him at the Jamboree and nicknamed the Jam-Roll. The bodywork is by Messrs. Page and Munt, of Wrecclesham, near Farnham

By
E. M. WRIGHT

THE number of beauty spots being closed to motorists is steadily growing. One cannot blame the owners for their action; for in spite of earnest appeals the banana-skin and paper-bag fiend—not to speak of that disgusting individual who leaves bottles and tins lying about—has continued to scatter hideous souvenirs of his unwelcome presence. And, faced with the prospect of having the grounds turned into common rubbish dumps, owners have taken the only other course left to them—that of closing the grounds altogether. Those who have for years urged picnickers to show more consideration may possibly derive melancholy satisfaction by saying: "I told you so." But that is poor consolation for the thousands who *do* conscientiously try to leave their picnic ground as clean as they found it. Thanks to the thoughtlessness—and often, I am sorry to say, wilful carelessness—of one class of individual, we are all debarred from enjoying the amenities of quite a number of famous beauty spots.

***

ONE can, perhaps, understand a picnicker who has come on foot jettisoning an empty bottle or other useless load rather than carry it miles back home again, though I earnestly beg him not to do so; but for those who have cars, presumably equipped with some sort of picnic basket, no such excuse will avail. It is but a matter of a few minutes at the very most to collect up the litter and stow it away where it will inconvenience no one. Matters will probably have to get worse before they improve. We shall see still more grounds closed to the general public, and perhaps drastic action of this kind will in the end have a salutary effect. A few such nasty reminders of the consequences of their own thoughtlessness and an unceasing flow of propaganda on the moral necessity of being tidy will in time awaken public conscience. In the early days of motoring it was chiefly the non-motorist who attacked the spread of large hoardings along the roadside. But as more and more people have become motorists—and, ipso facto, regular road-users—the loudest outcry against roadside ugliness comes from motorists themselves. In fact, the growth of motoring, far from aggravating the evil, has quickened public conscience.

***

SOME there are who despair of ever educating a whole nation to appreciate tidiness. But it is no impossible ideal, for in Germany tidiness does exist. In a letter to the Press Mr. S. Guy Dawber, vice-president of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, says of that country that the cleanliness of the streets and public places and the universal tidiness and order appeal irresistibly. You never see paper, cigarette boxes, or litter of any description; instead, one sees occasionally a notice asking you not to throw paper about, and receptacles are placed for the disposal of all such litter in convenient places. In the delightful walks among the hills and mountains around the towns wooden seats are provided wherever there are beautiful points of view, and by each is a wire cage or basket for all paper, etc. The people are taught as part of their ordinary education never to throw

THIS WEEK'S HINT, No. 23: CLEANING FABRIC BODYWORK

IF fabric bodywork is to retain its original appearance it must be given special treatment in cleaning. Dust may be removed with a dry cloth; but for mud removal plenty of water, a sponge and a damp chamois leather are advisable, as with varnish and cellulose finishes. Occasionally the leather-fabric should be treated with a wax polish, sparingly applied and polished with a soft cloth. The wax gives a gloss and preserves the fabric. But unfortunately it also gathers grime from the atmosphere, especially in towns; for that reason, at three-monthly intervals, the panels should be washed with warm water and soap before a fresh application of wax is given. This treatment preserves the colour, which otherwise becomes dull and "heavy."

Capt. Guy Lambert with his straight-eight Graham-Paige. After driving this car for over 3,000 miles on Continental roads, he went straight down to Brooklands and did the flying kilometre at 78·7 m.p.h., his speed for the complete lap being over 74 m.p.h.

MOTOR NOTES (continued)

anything about in the streets, so that tidiness becomes a national habit."

***

COMMENT is needless. Yet it occurs to me that possibly one contributing reason for our own shortcomings is that the litter basket is still a comparative novelty, and that even in our parks there are probably not enough of them, while I hardly know of one that is to be found in a street.

***

MR. DAWBER has a word to say on petrol stations, but here I cannot so cordially agree with him. "The dreadful noises," he says, "made by cars and motor cycles" are evidence that "as much use is made of them as in England." Apparently, however, he is pleased to note that "it is a matter of difficulty to obtain consent to put up *any* (my italics) motor pump in a village." But enough! I cannot, like "The Walrus," speak "of salmon tins and petrol pumps, and cabbages and kings" indefinitely, but must put a curb to my loquacity. One could say a lot both for and against the petrol pump.

***

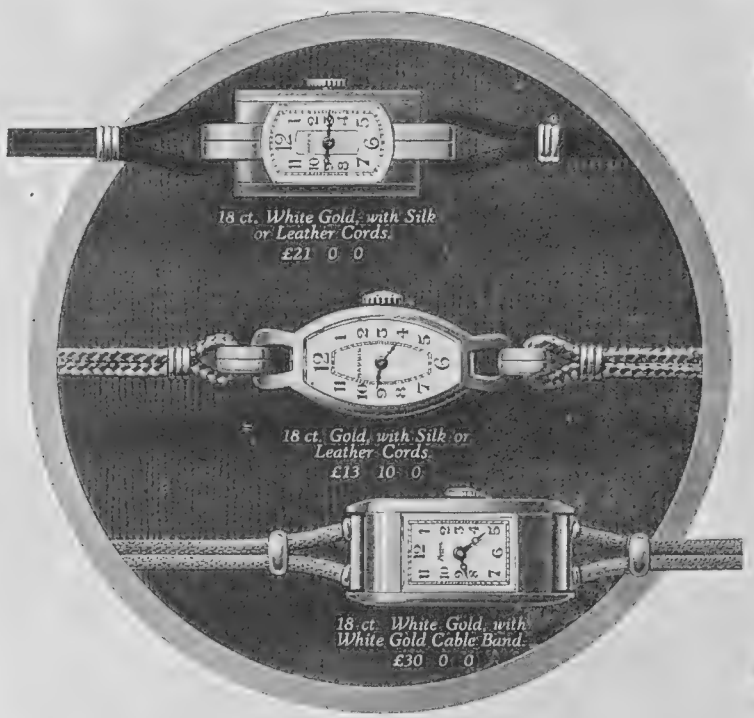
I SEE that the Triumph people have changed the shape of their radiator, following with remarkable success the American fashion for a thin chromium-plated band round the black mass of the radiator proper. Otherwise this great little car is but slightly altered for 1930. It is one that should sell in its present form for some years to come. The leading feature of the chassis, I may remind readers, is phenomenally comfortable springing and road-holding; while the engine has a three-bearing crankshaft, an unusual refinement on so small a car. Another desirable feature, as the house agents would put it, is that the four wheel braking is by the Lockheed hydraulic system. Both brakes and clutch are extremely light and easy to operate. The gear lever, too, is long and comes easily to the hand, while the steering is satisfactory without being specially springy. My only criticism of the car, speaking as an owner with some experience of the 1929 model, is that it is undeniably noisy, there being a good deal of clatter from the valve gear, hum from the back axle, and a muffled roar from the exhaust. These points, however, have doubtless been attended to in the 1930 models.

Colonel P. T. Etherton in his 20/60 Vauxhall car. He is seen in a primeval forest in the heart of Lapland, 200 miles north of the Arctic Circle

***

AFTER a welter of events which have been designed for a "Brighter Brooklands," it is somewhat of a relief to encounter one that is purely a test of speed, and all-out speed. This is the 500 miles race which is being organised by the British Racing Drivers' Club at Brooklands on October 12 next. Entries for what may be regarded as the "Schneider Trophy of the Track" are already coming in. No limit is put upon engine capacity, and supercharged cars are equally eligible. In addition, no sandbanks or other speed-reducing obstructions will characterise the course, which will consist of a number of laps of the ordinary outer circuit of the Brooklands track; but no car which has not been timed to lap at a speed in excess of 80 m.p.h. will be allowed to compete. A strong international entry has been assured, and it is anticipated that the race will be run at a speed considerably over 100 m.p.h.

E. M. W.



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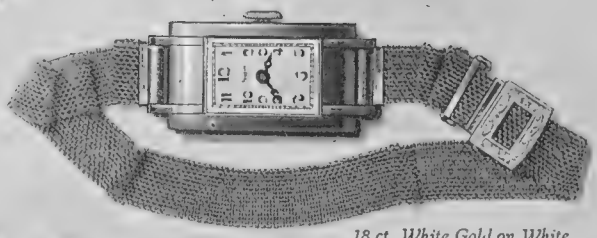

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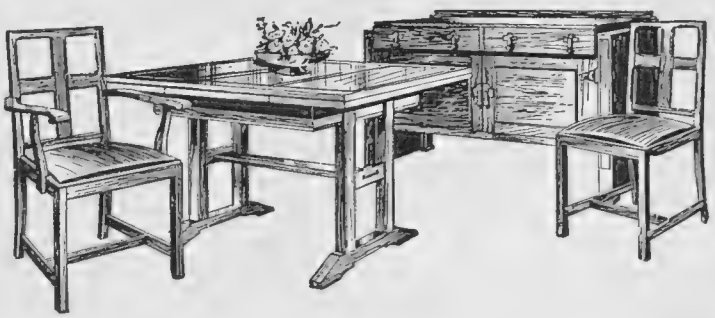

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DOGS

THIS IS THEIR OWN WEEK

By "THE KENNELMAN"

Express Photos

A Great Dane undergoing a careful bathing at Miss Trefusis Forbes's kennels at Haslemere

INTERESTING dog shows are being benched and fed by Spillers to-day, Wednesday, at Swindon, and to-morrow at Winchester, and next Wednesday will bring the opening of this year's Scottish Kennel Club Show (the 46th) at Edinburgh, the benching and feeding of which is in the hands of Messrs. Spratts. At the beginning of this week entries closed for that most classic of all the shows—the Kennel Club's 68th annual at the Crystal Palace, on October 9 and 10, all the elaborate and complex arrangements for which are now well advanced. It will be a wonderful *tamasha* this year, and every lover of dogs, every one interested in the remarkable present-day progress of Britain's canine community, should book it as an engagement.

BUT these closing days of the golden month apart from their special glory for gunners (and for gourmets) are made memorable in quite another way. Last Sunday brought the beginning of our second National Dog Week, the G.H.Q. of which is 37-38, Temple Chambers, E.C.4; hon. organising secretary, Capt. H. E. Hobbs. The President of this important organisation is the Earl of Chesterfield, and among its vice-presidents are many well-known leaders of Society. The Council (including Professor Hobday, the Countess Howe, the Baroness Burton, Lady Kathleen Pilkington, Major-General Sir John Moore, and other practical experts) have put in much really hard work since the movement was initiated, with results which are a joy to doggy enthusiasts, as they certainly must be a source of pride to the workers concerned. A hundred thousand dogs are members of the Tail Waggers' Club; many thousands of pounds have been handed over to national institutions whose work is beneficial to dogs; and this year between two and three thousand separate localities are linked up in the intensive educational effort for the spread of understanding of the best methods of caring for dogs, which is the main objective of the National Dog Week. It is a big movement, closely affecting the well-being of between three and four million British dogs, and, by the same token, and in a variety of ways, the whole human populace of these islands. So please note it is worth a helping hand—from *you*.

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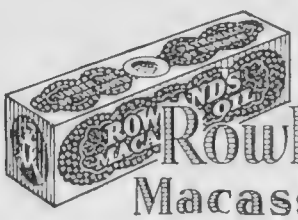

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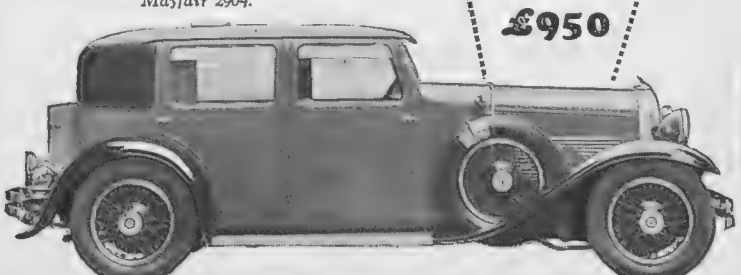

CASTILLON

COGNAC

IS BRANDY AT ITS VERY BEST

Willing CC15.

THE GOURMET : : Conducted by EMILIA

Dîner

SLICES OF MELON.
CLEAR SOUP.
FILLETS OF SOLE À LA REINE.
OX-TAILS WITH PETITS POIS.
PARTRIDGES WITH MUSHROOMS.
SALAD.
APRICOT ICE.

Fillets of Sole à la Reine

SPREAD some fillets of sole with a layer of stuffing made of bread-crumbs, chopped parsley, pepper, salt, cayenne, and a little beaten egg. Roll up the fillets and tie each one round with tape. Boil them till tender, drain, and put them aside. Make a white sauce with a little stock thickened with flour mixed to a smooth paste with cold milk, add a small lump of butter, two cloves, pepper and salt. Let this simmer till flavoured; strain, put back in the saucepan, add a spoonful of cream and the beaten yolk of an egg. Put the cooked fillets of sole in this sauce to get quite hot, but it must not boil after the cream and egg are added. Remove the tape, and dish the fillets upright with the sauce round them.

Ox-tails with Petits Pois

CUT two ox-tails into joints, soak them in salted water, put them on in cold water, boil up slowly, then strain and rinse well. Put two slices of lean ham in a stewpan with two carrots, two onions, one turnip, a few cloves and peppercorns, a small blade of mace and a bunch of herbs. Add the ox-tails, cover with stock and water, season with a little salt, and let simmer for three hours. As soon as the small pieces are tender, remove them and let the layer cook another hour or so. Put them in a hot entrée dish, strain and thicken the gravy, and round them place the peas.

The Menu of an attractive Autumn dinner served in the Grand Hotel at Harrogate. It has been signed by the Maître d'Hôtel

Partridges with Mushrooms

PEEL some small mushrooms, cut off the stalks, and cook them over a slow fire with some butter, pepper, and salt for about ten minutes, shaking the saucepan frequently. Then put the mushrooms on one side, and when they are cold stuff two or three partridges with them. Lay the latter in a stewpan just large enough to hold them, with some butter or dripping; let them brown over a moderate fire, then take them out and mix with the butter about 1½ oz. of flour. When cooked, add by degrees three-quarters of a pint of stock, half a tumblerful of wine, and salt and pepper to taste. Then put the partridges back and let them cook slowly in this sauce with about half a dozen chopped mushrooms. Serve the birds with the sauce poured over them.

Apricot Ice

ONE pint of cream, 6 oz. of castor sugar, 1 lb. of apricots. Put half the cream on to boil in a double boiler; when hot, add the sugar, and stir until dissolved. Take from the fire, add the remaining half of the cream, and, when cold, freeze. Mash up the apricots and stir them quickly into the frozen cream, turn the crank of the ice machine rapidly for five minutes, then remove the dasher, and pack in a basin on ice until wanted.

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(SEASON BEGINS NOVEMBER 1st.)
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BURGESS' KEDGEREE
BURGESS' RECIPE
Take 8 ozs. of any cold cooked fish (weighed after the skin and bones have been removed) and divide it into flakes. Put 2 ozs. of well-boiled and dried rice into a saucepan with 2 ozs. of butter or margarine, add the fish, the white of a hard-boiled egg cut into small dice, and pepper, salt and Burgess' Anchovy Essence to taste. Stir over the fire until very hot, then serve on a hot dish, decorated with the yolk of a hard-boiled egg passed through a sieve.
THE ORIGINAL ANCHOVY FIRM ESTABLISHED 1760

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For an effective course, take a teaspoonful of Kutnow's Powder frequently every day. As an aperient, one dessert-spoonful in a tumbler of warm water before breakfast.
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in olive oil

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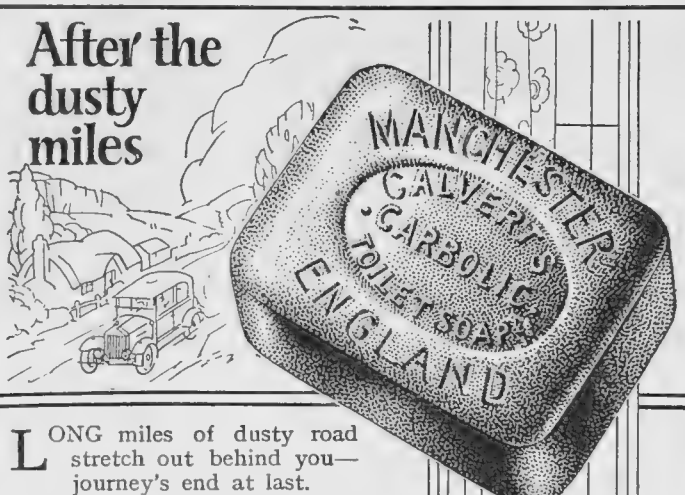
Joseph Peneau is working for you—he works well—works carefully—works honestly. Show your appreciation by always asking for and insisting on JOSEPH PENEAU SARDINES.

THE BEST SINCE 1844

Famous for over Three-quarters of a Century.

After the dusty miles



LONG miles of dusty road stretch out behind you—journey's end at last.

What a relief to slip into a comforting bath—to feel the grime and dirt of the dusty miles being gently dispelled under the benign influence of Calvert's Carbolic Toilet Soap.

Out of the bath you come—refreshed and invigorated—ready for any pleasure the evening has in store—your complexion, too, all the better for the gentle beauty treatment hidden in every tablet of

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AUTUMN SALE of IRISH LINENS

DURING the Autumn Sale which begins next week Robinson & Cleaver are selling REAL IRISH LINENS at specially reduced prices—IRISH LINENS of the finest qualities that have made this house famous for LINEN for the last 60 years.

Irish Linen Sheets and Pillow Cases.

GK.2. "Hardwear" quality sheets are woven for strength by a special process of bleaching. They have a good sale owing to their wonderful lasting properties. In medium fine make. Sale Price per pair:

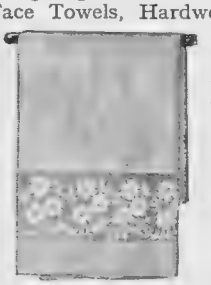
Hemmed, 2×3 yds.,	Hemstitched, 2×3 yds.,
28/6	**29/6**
2½×3 yds.,	2½×3 yds.,
37/6	**38/6**

Pillow Cases to match. Sale Prices each:

Plain, 20×30 ins.,	Hemstitched, 20×30 ins.,
2/7	**3/11**

Linen Face Towels.

Lot 30. 500 doz. Linen Huckaback Face Towels, Hardwear Quality. Damask bordered (assorted designs).



Sale Price per doz.: Hemmed, 18×34 ins., **18/9**

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Linen Handkerchiefs.

Men's Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs. Hand-embroidered initial. Size about 19×19 ins., ½ in. hem. Sale Price, per doz., **9/11**

Autumn Sale List will be sent free on request.

We pay carriage and C.O.D. charges on orders of 20/- in U.K.

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SHOOTING NOTES

GROUSE AND DEER

By "CLODHOPPER"

IT was not until the commencement of the present century that Scottish landed proprietors, particularly along the Atlantic seaboard, began to open their eyes to the fact that there was a great and an ever-increasing demand for well-stocked grouse moors and deer forests by wealthy Southron sportsmen. Previously those rather happy-go-lucky proprietors had relied chiefly to luck and the natural hardy and resourceful characteristics of grouse to fend for themselves and survive disease; it must have been very much a case of the survival of the fittest on infected moors. But as the demand for good grouse-shooting increased it was realised that to obtain high rents improved methods of managing the moors and increasing the stock of game thereon would have to be adopted, the first and most important detail being the neglected matter of heather burning. Mr. C. D. Rudd, owner of the famous sporting estate, Ardnamwrchan, Argyllshire, was the pioneer of the movement in the West Highlands. By means of burning the old and useless heather on the moors under his control each spring he brought heather cultivation to a high state of excellence. He then strengthened and improved his stock of birds by introducing fresh blood from healthy Yorkshire moors. Mr. Rudd's method of improving a grouse-moor was adopted by other large landed proprietors; heather burning was done in a systematic manner each succeeding spring, and within the last three decades grouse-shooting in the West Highlands has improved to a marvellous degree. Modern grouse-shooters owe a great tribute to Mr. Rudd.

Sport and General

Capt. Bruce Ramsay busy in the butts at Clynder, Gare Loch, during the shoot given by Lord Inverclyde

THE best bag of Scottish grouse shot this season so far was made by Earl Beatty and his party on Grantley Castle Moors, Perthshire, last week. Six guns took part in the three days' shooting, the results being as follows: First day, 716 grouse, 23 hares, and 2 rabbits. Second day, 952 grouse, 48 hares, and 5 rabbits; third day, 898 grouse, 3 black-game, 2 snipe, 34 hares, and 2 rabbits—an average of 143 grouse to each gun. While 2,566 head of grouse can be shot by half a dozen guns in three days there seems but little chance of the predictions of the pessimists, to the effect that grouse-shooting will within a comparatively few years die a natural death, materialising. Another good total was made during one day's shooting on Invercauld Moors recently, when Mr Johnson's party of seven guns killed 326 grouse and "various." H.R.H. The Duke of York and his brother, Prince Henry, were of the party, and contributed their full quota of game to the aggregate bag. Excellent sport also continues on the Cawdor Moors, notwithstanding wet and unfavourable weather, which has rendered the birds difficult to drive. As the result of six and a half days' shooting Mr. Chubb and seven other guns accounted for 1,800 brace of grouse, besides other game on these famous Inverness-shire Moors.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

IMPROVE YOUR PARTRIDGE FIELDS.

THIS season's partridge driving will offer unusual opportunities for studying the perversity of birds when no suitable covert exists for their collection and subsequent putting over the guns. The normal procedure is to drive them off the higher ground into the valleys, following which they take certain natural avenues of flight inherent to the situation but not easily reducible to rule. Fences may exist at the right places, but covert in their vicinity is a gamble even in years of good root crops, and the best of them will be scanty this autumn. The situation can be turned to advantage by deciding where permanent covert is needed and making the necessary arrangements for its installation. Suitably planted with gorse and other dwarf shrubs, the whole intermixed with coarse-growing herbage of the non-weed order, it will serve its purpose by the following season, besides providing valuable nesting accommodation in the Spring. In these days of farming depression shooting is so valuable an asset that its needs are worthy of attention in the constructive sense. The traditions of a place, with observation of happenings, should crystallise plans certain when put into practice to stand the test of practical experience.

SPORT in the deer forests is now in full swing, and some heavy stags have already been shot. The deer are, generally speaking, in good and clean condition; while there is plenty of grass of excellent quality. The record stag—a "Royal"—for the past seventy years has been shot at Glenfiddich, Banffshire, which is leased by Captain A. Franklyn. I hear that it is a splendid specimen weighing no less than 21 stone, clean gralloched.

WOMEN grouse-shooters and deer-stalkers are more in evidence this season than ever. We well remember the time—and it was not so long ago either—when a beskirted shooter was regarded as being something of a menace in the field. Still there is no gainsaying the fact that many a fair and modern devotee of the gun and sporting rifle can hold her own at driven game on moor or manor, or in the Scottish glens and corries. Last season a certain famous sportswoman of well over fifty years of age accounted for no fewer than forty stags to her own rifle by pure stalking over rough and difficult ground such as would have tried the staying-power and skill of many a seasoned deer-stalker of the so-called sterner sex.

THE two best heads shot in the noted Glenfuick Forest so far this season fell to the rifles of the Misses Latilla; while Mrs. Rich, who is probably one of the best big-game shots in the kingdom, is again displaying her prowess in Lord Lovat's big deer-forest of Brawlen, in Glensbrethfarrar, which is leased to Sir John Dewrance. During the early part of the season it is often difficult to secure a good trophy, as the stags pack together in herds amidst the quiet glens and corries, the older and bigger stags (their horns begin to deteriorate at twelve years) remaining near the centre of the herd. This often means hours of weary—and only too often futile—waiting for one of the big fellows to emerge from the ruck, and in the end, perchance, the stalker has to be content with a poor or indifferent head—or nothing.

WE learn from a friend who has been deer-stalking in Mar Forest with Sir Alexander Roger that the Derry Section, which that well-known London Scot is renting for the season from Princess Royal, is providing excellent sport. Sir Alexander has gained a big reputation as a stalker among Deeside folk, with whom he is most popular. On the first day he brought down a heavy stag of good head, and has since shot two more. Sir Alexander's son Alan, an Oxford undergraduate, has also secured his first head of the season. One day the party was stalking no fewer than three stags—they had, probably, strayed from the main herd—at one and the same time.

BY PEGGY EARNSHAW

DAUGHTERS OF EVE

and...

Player's Please

the Ladies, too!

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT. REG^D TRADE MARK.

PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT CIGARETTES. 10 *for* 6d. 20 *for* 11½d

Also 5 *for* 3d.

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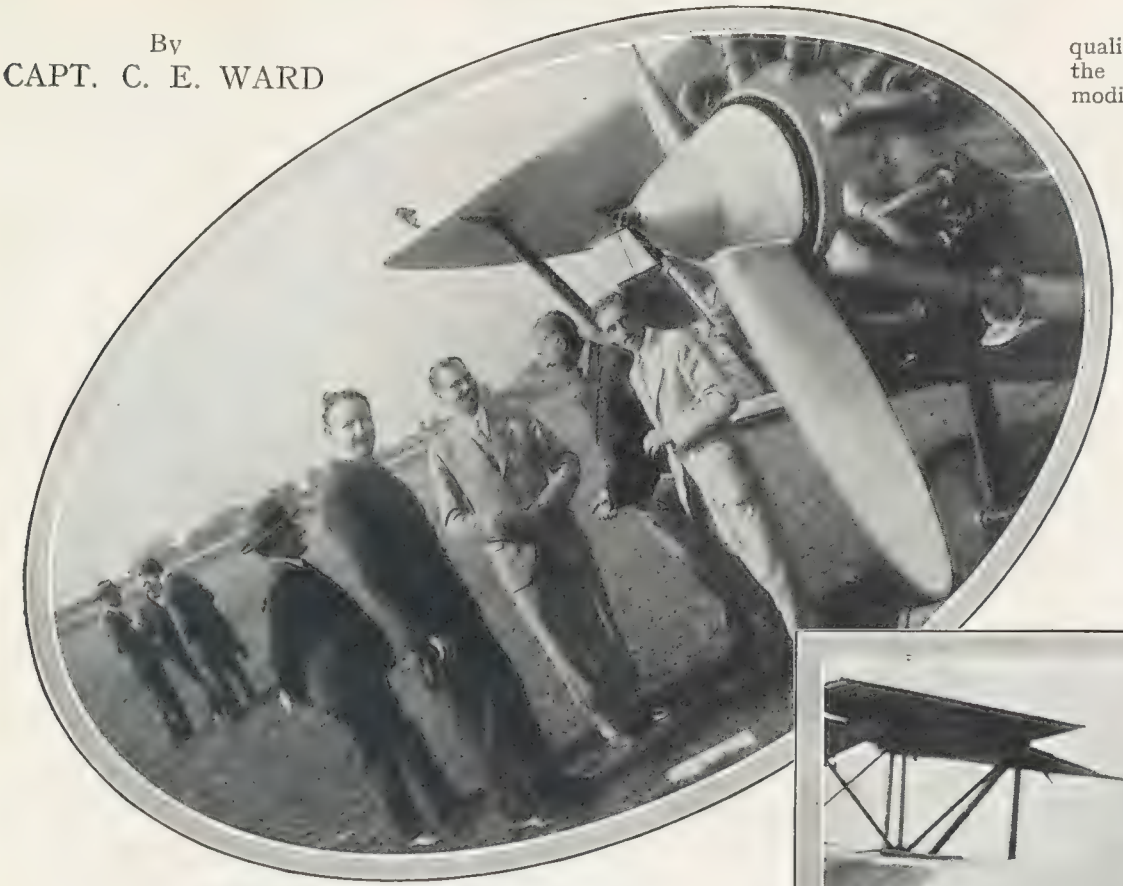
FLYING NOTES

FLYING IN AFRICA

By
CAPT. C. E. WARD



THE INTERNATIONAL ASPECT OF FLYING

Two enthusiastic young aviators, the Archdukes J. F. and A. Hapsburg Bourbon out with a group of officials They recently came to Hendon to take delivery of their new 'plane

Brightest Africa

FLIGHT-LIEUT. BENTLEY has made yet another successful flight on his veteran Cirrus Moth from South Africa, this time to London via Central Europe. The machine's air mileage is something over 50,000, more than half of which has been covered on four flights between London and the Cape. Capt. Campbell Black, with a 17-stone passenger and a vast quantity of luggage, flew home recently from Nairobi, by Moth, making the journey in ten days, including a two-day stop in Cairo. His visit is in connection with the new company, "Wilson Airways," which proposes to provide the East African colonies with feeder services to the main trans-African air route, due to start next year. The new company is controlled by Mrs. F. K. Wilson, the widow of a Kenya settler, with Capt. Campbell Black in charge of operations. Nairobi will be connected to the coast at Mombasa, with an extension to Tanga, Zanzibar, and Dar-es-Salaam, using small three-engined monoplanes. Apparently there will be a certain amount of competition, as Capt. the Hon. F. E. Guest is leaving for Nairobi next month, taking with him three light 'planes and Miss Winifred Spooner, Mr. B. H. Fielden, and Flying-Officer E. J. Hordern as pilots. It is possible that National Flying Services will establish a subsidiary in East Africa.

Moth Chat

THE race for the Zenith Cup, under the auspices of the French Aero Club, was won by Capt. Broad at 112 m.p.h. The course is one of 975 miles from Paris via Toulouse, Marseilles, and back to Paris, which Capt. Broad was able to cover 20 miles an hour faster than the previous holder. The Moth has recently joined the Navies of Portugal and Yugo-Slavia for the usual purpose of teaching the young idea to navigate off the water into the air. The Portuguese Naval Air Service has a distinguished record of long overseas flights to its credit, but it was news to me that Yugo-Slavia had a Navy. On referring to the map I found it was merely my ignorance, but these Balkans are so confusing. In any case, I should have remembered that Switzerland once entered for the Schneider seaplane race, and its machine put up quite a good show; so there is really no need to possess a seaboard in order to have a naval air service. The Gipsy Moth is now fully qualified for inverted flying, the engine having been modified successfully to function upside down for an indefinite period by means of a simple device preventing the cylinders from being flooded with oil. The value of such experimental work is passed on to every private owner, who gets an engine guaranteed to work in all positions. Not that the average pilot wants to fly on his back, but it is comforting to know that the Gipsy is now completely tamed and ready for any emergency.

Sir Alan Cobham talking with school-children in Yorkshire, during his air tour. His object was to get the Young Idea to become "air-minded"

Private Owners

SIR PHILLIP SASSOON, president of the Royal Aero Club, joins the ranks of distinguished private owners with a metal Gipsy Moth. Mr. Gordon Selfridge, jun., who learned to fly at Stag Lane, and two of the directors of Horne Brothers have also bought Moths, which they are using regularly for business trips all over the country and on the Continent.

Be kind to their eyes

See that all the electric lamps in your home, and elsewhere, are either Pearl or Opal lamps. By doing so you ensure that you get a full measure of light without dazzle or glare. The light from Pearl or Opal lamps *cannot* harm the most sensitive sight.

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Glareless Light Preserves the Sight

ELMA
ELECTRIC LAMP MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION OF GREAT BRITAIN LTD

HOUSES TO LIVE IN NOT TO LOOK ON

HEATING & LIGHTING SUPPLEMENT

By
PEARL ASHTON

Photographs by Humphrey Joel

"HOUSES were built to live in, not to looke on," said Francis Bacon—or was it Shakespeare?—some three hundred years ago; and although the modern residence of steel and concrete lacks the mellowed beauty of the façaded Elizabethan mansion in external looks, thanks to heating, lighting, and labour-saving devices it is certainly a more comfortable house to live in. We live at high tension, and our nerves are so keenly sensitised that our very health and well-being are affected by discordant surroundings.

FOR generations coal has been our greatest friend; now it is becoming our greatest enemy. Raw coal has been the cheapest and most accessible fuel for domestic use; we have begrimed our cities with its soot, our houses with its smoke, and some of us our souls, by sweating labour to encourage the wasteful consumption of a raw material from which vital and more powerful forces, such as electricity and gas, may be extracted. Coke, the residue of gas extraction, is the only product that we should regard as merely something to burn.

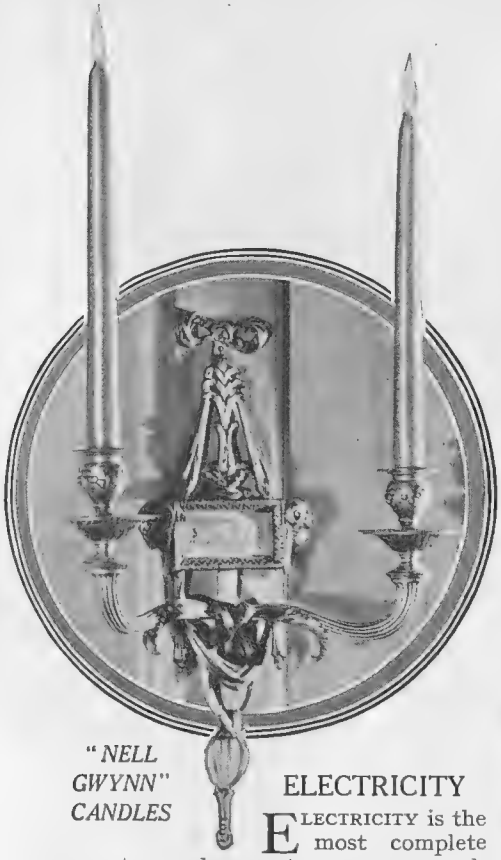
Two striking examples of indirect lighting as prepared by the Electric Lamp Manufacturers' Association. The top picture shows a new treatment of mirror lighting, whilst the lower is of a tastefully lighted alcove

Believe me, this tirade is not directed against open fires. No one appreciates more than I the charm and sympathy of an open fire. It is a plea for the installation, in place of that smoke-distributing, coal-consuming, money-burning obsolete model in your sitting-room, of one of the latest types that is designed for smokeless fuel, and in return gives all the cheering comforts of an open fire at what proves to be a very little cost.

HOW anxious we are that our cars should be the very latest model. With the Motor Show next month the possession of a 1928 model is only explained away by sentimental reasons. Yet the heating and lighting of our houses are run by obsolete engines.

There is a choice of several great powers to assist us as heating, lighting and cooking agents. A combination of two or three powers is usually found the most economical and efficient.

GAS AND ITS USES



"NELL GWYNN" CANDLES

ELECTRICITY

ELECTRICITY is the most complete servant we have at our command. It offers a night and day service of lighting, heating and mechanical power throughout the house. In an adequately wired house all hard work is eliminated. Electricity not only illuminates, it decorates the house. For lighting fixtures of burnished metal and lovely opalescent glass are dominating features of modern decoration. It heats the house and the water supply, cooks the food, and works the refrigerator, the sewing machine and the vacuum cleaner.

The bell-push and the washing machine and the hair dryer are all electrically driven; the same magic force can even produce those ultra-violet rays of sunlight that bronze the skin. (The power of the white magic of an electric switch is unending and unexplored.) We cannot doubt the supreme efficiency of electricity, but it is not always easy for the householder to estimate the cost of upkeep and installation. Although the all-in tariff for heating and power is becoming more and more general, there are considerable variations between the prices in different districts, so that it is impossible to compare costs of electricity as a solus heating and lighting medium throughout the house. For cleanliness and ease of operation it has no compeer. An "electric" run house can be comfortably serviced by a very small domestic staff.

A TYPE of electric fire which is proving its quality as well as its decorativeness is the reflector fire. In these concealed heating elements are mounted in a focal position to ensure the maximum degree of heat radiation from a burnished reflector of hammered copper. A cheery glow is diffused from the copper reflectors, whilst the fire itself is so arranged that it can be switched from half to full heat. This reflector fire is made with every conceivable type of finish, so that it may fit into the integral decoration of a room. Further, it is obtainable fitted with terminal for permanent earthing in a fireplace or an insulated drop handle, so that it can be easily carried from room to room.

GAS

GAS has three supreme qualities. First, its availability. Statistics show that over 90 per cent. of the population of Great Britain is within a gas area. Second, its adaptability. No other source of energy is more adaptable for intermittent heating and hot water supply. Thirdly, most important of all—and I say it without hesitation—it is the most inexpensive of smokeless fuel for cooking.

THE gas geyser meets an almost universal demand for an intermittent supply of hot water to various parts of the house, especially the kitchen and bathroom. It is quick, foolproof, and inexpensive. A forty-gallon bath can be filled with hot water in a few minutes by merely putting a match to the pilot light. The amount of gas consumed automatically adjusts itself to the water required; for once the water is turned off, an infinitesimal quantity of gas is consumed.

The user of the geyser has the full satisfaction of knowing that she is only paying for the exact quantity of hot water she has immediate use for.

FOR heating with gas a flue is still essential to take away the products of combustion from the room; where prejudice against the hygiene of gas fires exists it is generally traceable to badly constructed fires or chimneys with a down draught. This drawback can always be overcome if only one would choose fires made by reputable firms and have them properly fitted.

ANTHRACITE

A FUEL with a high calorific value, burning with practically no smoke and leaving a minimum of ash, is one to be prized by the careful housewife. Such is anthracite. It burns best in specially designed open fires, boilers, or in stoves for central heating installations.

GREAT advances during the last few years have been made in the design and fuel consumption of the smaller anthracite stoves suitable for nurseries and halls where a steady even heat is desirable both day and night. One very practical model I know can be converted from a closed to an open fire by sliding the mica doors out of sight and can be left all night unattended. Another heating stove, equally utilitarian and inoffensive in appearance, yet sufficient to heat a good-sized room, will burn for twenty-four hours on sixpennyworth of fuel, can be purchased for six guineas. This type of stove will consume any fuel, but, naturally, the best quality anthracite makes less ash and gives out more heat.

Howard and Joan Coster

The long slender lines of "Nell Gwynn" candles no less than their wonderfully mellow light make them an ideal form of dinner table illumination

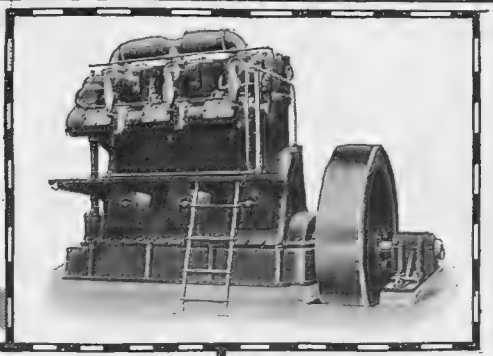
LOW-TEMPERATURE CARBONISATION FUELS

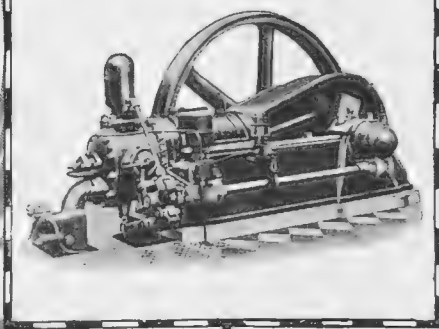
THESE fuels, obtained from coal treated at a much lower temperature than is used in gas and coke production, light easily and burn with a clear flame. They are still in the

(*Continued on page vi*)

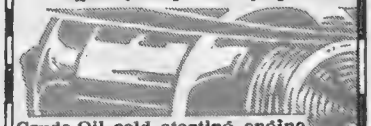
DRAKE & GORHAM LTD

ELECTRICAL INSTALLATIONS TO SUIT ALL REQUIREMENTS



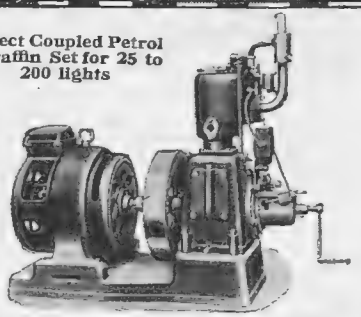


Vertical Crude Oil cold starter for 700 lights (or equivalent) upwards



Crude Oil cold starting engine for 200 lights and upwards

Direct Coupled Petrol Paraffin Set for 25 to 200 lights



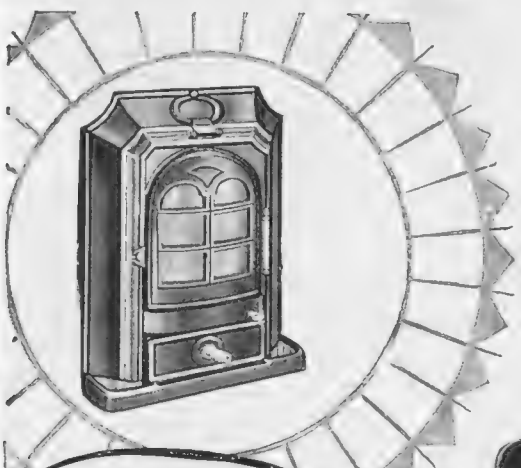
Write for illustrated Catalogue No. 40

DRAKE & GORHAM, LTD.

36, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1

ALSO

29, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER; 58, WEST CAMPBELL ST., GLASGOW
105, HIGH STREET, WINCHESTER; 20a, BEDFORD CIRCUS, EXETER



The Central Heat you want

With the sitting-room door open the healthy warmth from an "ESSE" Stove will radiate through the house. The average room is heated continuously throughout the winter for less than 6d. per day. Its safe fire burns Anthracite—that glowing, smokeless, sootless fuel—and needs only five minutes' attention every 24 hours.

Ask your Stove Dealer for the interesting "ESSE" Book, or we will post to you with name of nearest Dealer

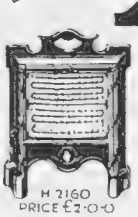
PRICES from £2 15s. upwards

"ESSE"

SMITH & WELLSTOOD, Ltd., BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND. Estd. 1854.
Showrooms: London, Liverpool, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

WARMTH WITHOUT WAITING

XCEL (ALL BRITISH)



H 2160 PRICE £2-0-0

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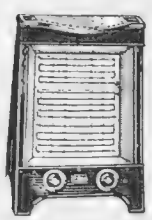
ELECTRIC FIRES FOR EVERY NEED

A FEW OF THE MANY MODELS

DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLETS ON APPLICATION TO YOUR DEALER OR THE ADDRESS BELOW - - -

H 660 PRICE £2-2-6



H 1170 PRICE £2-18-0

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL ELECTRICAL DEALERS

Owned by SIEMENS ELECTRIC LAMPS AND SUPPLIES LIMITED. 38/9, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.4.

HEATING AND LIGHTING SUPPLEMENT (continued from page iv)

THE VALUE OF CENTRAL HEATING

An artistic Old English red sand-faced brick fireplace. It is manufactured by Messrs. A. Bell and Co., Ltd., of Northampton

infancy of their production. They are sold all over the country under various trade names, and compare in price with the best house coal.

COKE

Now for coke, the carbon left after the gas has been removed. It is cheap and efficient for boilers, stoves and central heating plants. It is not easy to light up, and requires specially constructed stoves, but the production of some combustible coke is advancing, and coke, the cheapest of all solidly smokeless fuels, is gradually being promoted to the open grate.

OIL

For country districts, finely designed stoves and central heating installations fuelled by oil are meeting an increasing need for a cleanly heating and cooking power without big outlay for installations.

CENTRAL HEATING

In Town or Rural Isolation

Those delightful visits to friends! Those wonderful week-end "cottages" that are as comfortable as a Mayfair flat and often far bigger! No meanness with hot water, lovely heated corridors and the latest novelty in bedside lighting. Have you ever wondered how it is done miles away from an electric main? "Some electric plant the gardener attends to," you conclude, and dismiss it from your mind until the day you, in your turn, fall a victim to the charm of some old-world place, or a site near your favourite golf links. Then estimates and plans for lighting and central heating installations are your only literature.

Although the plans for the supply of electricity throughout the country are steadily maturing there are vast areas that will certainly not be electrified for several years to come. On the other hand, if you are lucky your house may come within an economical main supply area quite soon. In this case, the technical expert of a reliable firm of engineers will recommend a plant that will merely fill the gap and be so arranged that all appliances will be adaptable to use on the "mains" when the change-over takes place.

THE "CHEER-EE-O' STOVE

The wonderfully economical stove which gives an admirable heat when burning coke, coal or anthracite. It is manufactured by The Interoven Stove Co., Ltd., 156, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2

Before contracts are signed and sealed accurate information should be obtained as to the comparative costs and advantages of electricity, oil or coke fuels for power and hot water supply.

With regard to the lighting, there is no shadow of a doubt that the installation of a plant giving sufficient power to illuminate the house and run the vacuum cleaner, iron, a chafing dish and a hair dryer, will quickly repay the initial outlay.

A good type of self-operating battery plant is purchasable for about £120 and requires little attention beyond the ordinary engine demands of oil, water and petrol supply.

No medium-sized house can be kept comfortably warm through the winter months without some form of central heating which will take the chill off the corridors and bedrooms and keep a continuous supply of really hot water.

By central heating I do not mean that suffocating atmosphere of the American house or Continental hotel, but fresh, warm air that may be supplemented in sitting rooms by electric, gas or open fires according to one's taste and temperament.

Personally I find a room stuffy and enervating if the central heated temperature is above 60° F. Heat above that point is best obtained from a supplementary open fire or electric heater.

The type and medium of the heating apparatus installed must depend entirely upon the amount of money expended and the architecture and decoration of the house in question.

To-day the most economical method of central heating is by unobtrusively placed radiators through which hot water is continuously circulated from a central boiler fed by coke, the cheapest of all fuel. If the boiler is of adequate size it will supply kitchen, bathroom and bedroom basins with continuous hot water. A basement or cellar is the best place for the boiler, as a considerable amount of radiated heat from the

(Continued on page viii)

THE "MAGNET" REFLECTOR FIRE

A graceful example of an electric reflector fire produced by The General Electric Co., Ltd., of Magnet House, Kingsway

Things have changed since then

When Milord ordered his hot bath in the days when baths of any kind were the rare luxury of the privileged few, it took a good hour to prepare. Scurrying chambermaids would carry the steaming water up crazy stairs in inadequate pails—a laborious, a lengthy, an out-of-date procedure . . .

In these hygienic days, the engineering skill of the House of Ewart enables every hot tap in the house to flow with really piping-hot water instantly and constantly. At any hour of the night or day a Ewart's geyser will give you a hot bath in a few minutes for an average cost of as little as 1½d. Fill in the coupon below and remember that Ewart's geysers can be supplied for both gas and oil burning. In either case they are as safe as they are efficient. Always specify

EWART'S Geysers

Ewart & Son, Limited,
346, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.
Established 1834. *'Phone: Museum* 2570

COUPON

To Ewart's Hot Water Service Bureau,
346, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

Please send me details of your latest labour-saving appliances for supplying hot water by gas / oil } burning.
(Strike out word which does not apply)

Name.....

Address.....

.....

HEATING AND LIGHTING SUPPLEMENT (continued from page vi)

surface of the boiler is released and rises to the upper part of the house.

THE system of heating and lighting by petrol gas has proved a satisfactory medium, both economically and as regards efficiency, in many small country houses. A weight-driven generator costing £50 that takes but a few minutes every day to wind up will supply a perfectly clean, non-explosive and non-poisonous gas for all purposes.

MODERN LIGHTING

"Moonlight Illusions"

DESNY, Lacroix and Lalique are three artist glassworkers of France who have done more to revolutionise modern taste in decoration than any other men. With the aid of glass, burnished metal and electricity, they have simulated the light of the moon and made it the basis of modern decorative art.

By reducing the importance of the vehicle of the light, and concentrating upon the diffusion of the light itself, an entirely new outlook has been placed in the hands of the interior decorator. Light may be flooded from the walls, from the ceiling, or from the geometrical planes of opaque glass as table lights in such a manner that it is impossible to tell where the light begins and the planes of glass end. Of course, this is only possible with electricity that, like Tao-ism, has no tangible form.

Illustrated above is one of numerous bathrooms on view in Hampton's series of specimen houses. The bath is sunk some feet below the floor level, in an arched recess, in the upper part of which is a decorative panel. The treatment of the entire room is modern in style, with fitted lavatory basin, electric radiator and full length mirror. The indirect lighting is from four carved wood nautilus shells. The clouded ceiling has a saucer shaped dome. The floor is of rubber, the skirting being of teak. The furniture, which consists of dressing chest, dwarf chest and two chairs, is of mahogany

THE VALUE OF ARTISTIC LIGHTING

IN modern lighting there is no glare, no distortion of shape and colour by shadow. By expert construction the light can be evenly diffused in a room or focused upon a definite object.

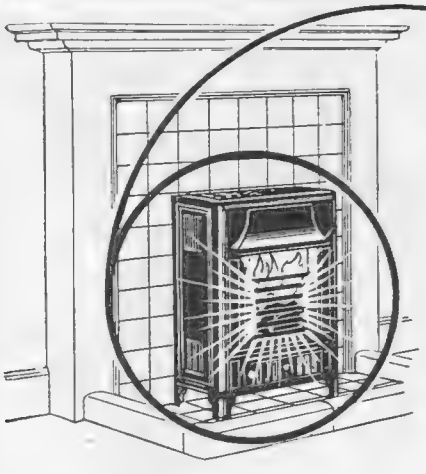
For example, for the dining-room a ceiling lamp of tinted glass and nickel has a rectangular burnished metal reflector to concentrate all the light upon the table, the tinted glass at the sides preventing any tendency to glare. Reading and small table lamps, too, are constructed so that a cone of brilliant light pours down on the object, and is yet free from any hardness.

These glass lamps are exceedingly lovely in character and design, but for needlework I still prefer a slim standard of oxidised silver with a leather-stitched parchment shade.

FRENCH decorators have a distinct fervour for the classic severity of black wrought iron and white frosted glass to obtain their effects. We, who always lean rather to "tone" than contrast, prefer the more mellow glow of opal and sunset tints in the shading of the glass, with either oxidised brass or silver fittings.

In the ingle nooks of a country home the tall standard lamp with its

(Continued on page x)



THERE IS NO GLOW LIKE THE Cheeree-O

HEATING STOVE

IT adds a tone of real comfort to the home, burning any fuel day and night at a cost of 6d. only. No fires to lay and a warm room awaits you in the morning.

A cheerful open fire with perfect ventilation and needing very little attention, the CHEER-EE-O Stove combines all the advantages of open or closed stoves, but without the dirt and trouble of the former or the cheerless appearance of the other.

Beautifully finished and will last a lifetime.

Prices from **£6.6.0** Carriage Paid.

Size of Stove—Height: 24 inches (without feet as shown). Width: 18½ inches. Depth: 12 inches

Write NOW for further particulars and coloured folder to:—

THE INTEROVEN STOVE CO., Ltd.
(Dept. 34A), 156 Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2

NOTE THESE ADVANTAGES.

(1) The open fire gives perfect ventilation.

(2) Burns continuously day and night for 6d.

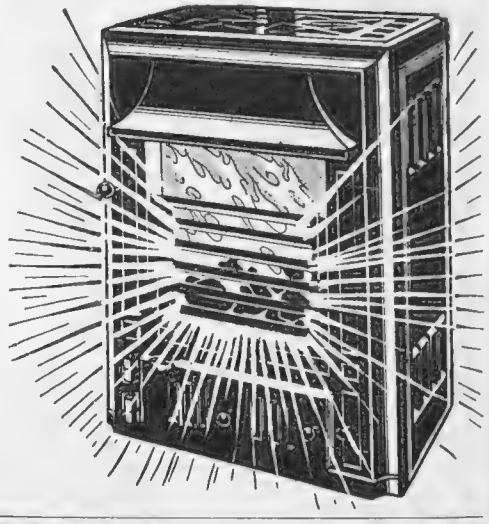
(3) Burns any kind of fuel.

(4) No dust or dirt—hence saves labour.

(5) Easily fitted in a few hours.

(6) Choice of colours.

This Stove will heat any room up to 3,000 cubic feet capacity.



BELL

GOLD MEDAL—RED BRICK

FIREPLACES

All "Bell" Fireplaces are despatched from the works slabbed, ready for fixing, and complete with curbs. Lasting and efficient service guaranteed.

HAND-MADE red brick fireplaces built by skilled craftsmen reflect the feeling of honesty and solidity of an old-world interior. In "Bell" Brick Fireplaces fitted with the patented sunk fire you have an additional advantage. The self-contained air feed produces continuous incandescence in the fuel, gives greater heat radiation and ensures perfect combustion. "Bell" Fireplaces are labour-saving too, there is no metal work to clean.

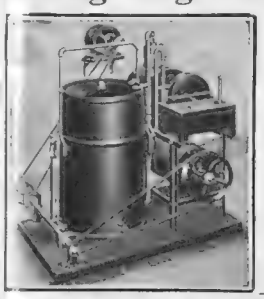
Write for Catalogue "B," showing varied designs.

BELL RANGE & FOUNDRY CO.,
16 BERNERS STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.1
('Phone: MUSEUM 3029),
and at Kingswell Works, NORTHAMPTON.
Scottish Showrooms:
119 Bath Street, Glasgow.
Irish Showrooms:
35/37 King Street, Belfast.

AEROGEN

PETROL GAS GENERATORS

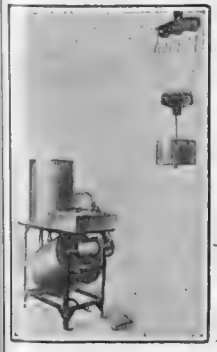
Giving High Efficiency Automatic Service



Electrically Driven.

Supplies a perfectly clean, non-explosive and non-poisonous gas for COOKING AND HEATING at a very low cost. Any type of Cooking Stove, Gas Fire, Water Heater, Iron, Ring, Bunsen, Freezing Cabinet, etc., can be installed. Sets from **£21.**

GREAT SAVING OF DOMESTIC LABOUR



Weight Driven

For isolated establishments having neither gas nor electricity laid on, this simple system will give ***a perfect light,*** in addition to cooking and heating. It takes but a few minutes daily to wind the weight. Sets from **£50.**

NO SKILLED ATTENTION REQUIRED

Write for the Aerogen Book
The Aerogen Co., Ltd., 36, Bolsover Street, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.
Telephone No.: Museum 7078. Telegrams: "Aerogen, Eusroad, London."
PETROL GAS SPECIALISTS SINCE 1881.

EVERYTHING The G.E.C. your guarantee ELECTRICAL

PEARL Osram LAMPS

ELECTRIC LIGHT AT ITS BEST

SOLD BY ALL LEADING ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS, STORES AND IRONMONGERS

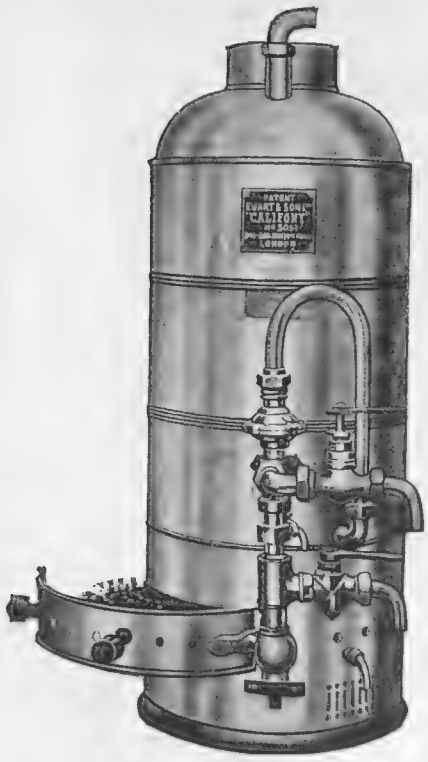
MADE IN ENGLAND

THE NATION'S SIGHT NEEDS OSRAM LIGHT

Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

HEATING AND LIGHTING SUPPLEMENT (continued from page viii)

THE MAGIC OF CANDLE-LIGHT



A FRIEND IN NEED

A Ewart's "Califont" Geyser which ensures a constant supply of hot water at a moment's notice either by night or by day. A house equipped with a Ewart geyser is a house which need never know what it means to lack an inexhaustible supply of hot water whenever it is required

Chinese shade of yellow need not blush for being out of date. It is part of a lovely period picture if it reflects the glowing heart of burning pine logs from the brick-mantelled open grate.

BY CANDLE-LIGHT

"CHOOSE neither women nor linen by candle-light" runs the old proverb which suggested the title of London's longest-run play. We are grateful and appreciative that the soft flicker of candle-light is so flattering to us. No wonder the wily hostess of to-day takes advantage of its magic for her table lighting.

The candles of to-day are very different from the waxen tapers Lamb loved so well. They are made in every colour from black to white in various heights and shapes. Many of them are quite long-lived and dyed right through, the wax retaining its colour to the last drop without requiring as much as a snuff. They are decorative, romantic and flattering—sufficing qualities to ingratiate them with any hostess.

ROUND ABOUT THE FIREPLACE

TRY as we may, it is impossible to displace the fireplace from becoming the focal point of the room, be it the kitchen or the drawing-room. Let it be, then, a thing of beauty as well as a hundred per cent. model of economy, efficiency and cleanliness.

No house is a home without one open fire to an Englishman. We may laugh at the sentiment, the housemaids may decry the extra work it entails, but it cannot be dispensed with; it is as much a part of our national make-up as eggs and bacon for breakfast.

IT was Sir Edwin Lutyens who rediscovered the delights of reflected firelight upon brick. Follow his example, scrap the overhanging chimney-piece of marble, and build in its place an honest and solid setting of sand-faced brick for an open fire with modern heat radiation. Or if brick is too architectural for your taste, you may find that the iridescent blues of old Dutch tiles key up with the tones in your curtains and cushions. Modern fireplaces in either brick or tile have the same severity of line and lack of fussiness in detail that characterise our modern taste. There is no metalwork crying for a daily polish, merely a patented sunk fire with a self-contained air feed that will produce continuous incandescence in whatever fuel you may be burning. P. A.

Two Osram lamps which give a wonderful light and are most economical to burn

FURNITURE

SECOND-HAND HIGH-CLASS MODERN ENGLISH AND CONTINENTAL.—FINE REPRODUCTIONS, GENUINE ANTIQUES, AND WORKS OF ART. Removed for convenience of Sale from numerous West End Mansions, Villa at Nice, and various sources, including many items from the following important Collections:—The PRINCESS PALEY (Paley Palace), LADY PINK (decd.), Mary Anna, DUCHESS of ABERCORN (decd.), third EARL of DURHAM, K.G. (decd.).

150 COMPLETE BED ROOMS, including 36 SOLID OAK CLUB BED-ROOM SUITES with full panel Bedsteads and mattresses, offered at £5 10s. set.

SUITES in Walnut, Mahogany, Lacquer, Satinwood, Enamel in English and Continental styles up to 350gns. Many originally costing over double.

GENUINE ANTIQUE FOUR-POST BEDS. Tallboy and shaped-front chests, corner washstands with pewter and brass fittings, Wig stands, Toilet Mirrors, Sofa Tables, Bow Front Wardrobes and Dressing Tables, 5,000 CARPETS AND RUGS, including Wilton, Axminster, Turkey, Persian, Chinese, Aubusson, etc. A quantity of pile carpet, offered at 2s. 9d. yard (could make up to required sizes), a large number of square carpets in various designs from £3 3s. each.

THE DINING, RECEPTION ROOMS, LOUNGES, and LIBRARIES comprise a magnificent collection of Walnut, Mahogany, and Old Oak furniture in styles of Cromwellian, Queen Anne, Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Adams, the small complete suites including sets of Chairs, Sideboard, Table, &c., offered for 10 guineas, the more elaborate sets ranging up to 300 guineas, many of these exquisite sets having cost over double the figure now asked to clear. Quantity of Cottage Wheelback Chairs at 5s.

SETTEES and LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS, in covered morocco leather, heavy woven art tapestries, rich silk and a large quantity covered plain art linen, all being of excellent quality and in most cases equal to new. SEVERAL SMALL LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS offered at 35s. each. Small-size LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS IN REAL HIDE 3gns. Larger size LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS from £4 17s. 6d. to 12gns. Well-made SOFTLY-SPRUNG CHESTERFIELD SETTEES 3gns. LARGE SIZE CHESTERFIELD AND OTHER SETTEES, many with loose down pillow seats and backs, from £7 15s. to 25gns.

A LARGE NUMBER OF PIANOFORTES by eminent makers, including fine tone Cramer in excellent condition 35gns. and Baby Grand 75gns.

OLD ENGLISH CHIMING GRANDFATHER and BRACKET CLOCKS. IMPORTANT COLLECTION of STATUARY, PICTURES, SILVER and SHEFFIELD PLATE; quantity of Fine Old Cut Glass. BED and TABLE LINENS. A LARGE QUANTITY OF OFFICE FURNITURE, including IRON SAFES, ROLL-TOP DESKS, PEDESTAL DESKS, BOOKCASES, &c., &c.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

ON SALE DAILY, 9 till 7 (Thursdays close at 1 o'clock). Any item may be purchased separately, can remain warehoused free for 12 months, or delivered to any part. ANTIQUES FREE OF DUTY.

AT THE EXTENSIVE GALLERIES OF THE FURNITURE AND FINE ART DEPOSITORIES, LTD.

(By Royal Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

PARK STREET, UPPER STREET, ISLINGTON, LONDON, N.1.

Omnibuses Nos. 144A, 43A, 143A, 143S, 4A, 19 and 30 pass the door. TRAIN FARES and CAB FARES ALLOWED TO ALL CUSTOMERS.

Within 10 minutes of West End.

'Phone: North 3580.

By Royal Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain.

The PHIT-EESI BANTAM WEIGHT

Seems to become part of the foot, from the first moment's wear you are conscious only of a light "Shoeless" feeling.

This shoe gives an indefinable character to the man who wears it. Ideal for the Dinner, the Dance, the Theatre, Stage Wear and the Thé Dansant

STOCKED IN BLACK BOX CALF, TAN WILLOW CALF, PATENT LEATHER

In three qualities

21/- 25/- 32/6 Postage 6d. extra.

ABBOTT'S

44, Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

(Next to the Monico)

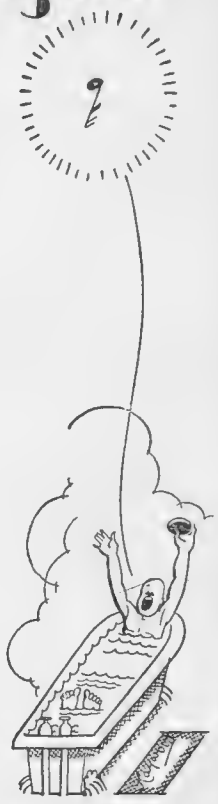
And on Sale at all Abbott's Shops.

fifteen men at the bathroom door-

yo-ho-ho and a tub with Wright's

Heave to, my hearties, the bathroom is singing full. Hark at the steam whistling through the keyhole. Splash, splash, is this the hardy annual? Will he never up anchor and let the water run away?

Wright's Coal Tar Soap makes washing worth waiting for. It makes a bath a delight. It invigorates, it fills one with joy. Health-giving, refreshing, popular Wright's.



WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

6d. per Tablet *Bath size 10d.*

choose them with care

JUST as the Sportsman, in choosing a gun, instinctively selects the one which "handles" better than the rest . . .

So in the range of "Swan" Pens you will always be sure of finding, with very little trouble, the one which is perfectly adapted to your individual taste and the requirements of your handwriting.

Select your Pen with discrimination and you will be the possessor of a perfect writing implement.

MABIE, TODD & CO., LTD., Swan House, 133 & 135 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Branches at: 79 High Holborn, W.C.1; 114 Cheapside, E.C.2; 95 Regent Street, W.1; and at 3 Exchange Street, Manchester.

Jade, with rolled gold bands, 22/6

Self-filling type from 15/- (*black or mottled*); artistic colours from 17/6. Other "Swans" from 10/6.

"SWAN" PEN

Of Stationer and Jewellers

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free

The smartest of patterns— even for night wear!

Handsome up-to-date colourings are always available in "Tricoline" garments. You will like the fine style, and their perfect comfort in wear.

A "Wemco" Fabric.

"Tricoline" REGD.

THE EQUAL TO SILK

SHIRTS, COLLARS & PYJAMAS

"TRICOLINE" SHIRTS, COLLARS, and PYJAMAS are sold by leading Hosiers, Outfitters, and Stores, everywhere.

If any difficulty write M8, "TRICOLINE" House, 19, Watling Street, London, E.C.4.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

"The New Tailoring"

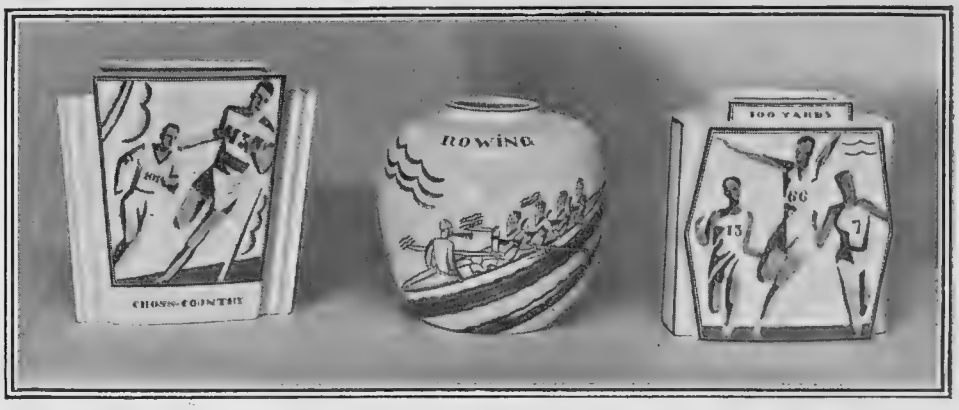
In the old days the well-dressed man would have shuddered at the very thought of buying ready-made suits, for such things were considered to be "quite impossible, you know." He would willingly spend many valuable hours at his tailor's which might well have been devoted to work or play rather than buy a "ready-made." Now, however, things are very different, for the busy and fastidious man can walk into Austin Reed's, of Regent Street, and in the "New Tailoring" department find suits excellently made of splendid material at prices ranging from five to twelve guineas, and rest assured that in style and fit the suit will look every bit as well as one for which he had suffered many tedious fittings.

A Brandy of Distinction

Wishing a person good health is the commonest proof of friendship. It is a spontaneous thought, and one which lies behind the words of greeting, "How are you?" Health implies hospitality, too, and how to express hospitality better than in good old brandy? Castillon is that brandy. Its rare flavour is appreciated by connoisseur and host, and its value in cases of emergency is known to all those who want the best.

A Splendid Tone

The new London regional transmitting station at Brookman's Park, Potter's Bar, was inaugurated last week, and a test transmission of music was made. Several listeners commented on the results obtained from different wireless sets. Had they "listened in" with "The Symphony Radio-gramophone" they would have been ecstatic in their praises, for there is nothing to equal the faultless loud-speaker. The reproduction is perfect, mellow and full, and always the same. There is no aerial, no earth wires, the Symphony Radio is self-contained and controlled by a switch. To pass from a serious talk to the latest dance records is inevitable. The Symphony gramophone cannot fail to bring out the last fraction of rhythm, the most delicate harmony.



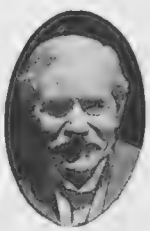
Three of a series of vases designed by Lallemant, of Paris, illustrating various sporting events. The vases were designed exclusively for the Modern Art section of Messrs. Waring and Gillow

A Canadian Commemoration

To commemorate the tenth anniversary of the first transatlantic flight, undertaken by Flying-Officers Alcock and Brown, of the Royal Flying Corps, the Royal Canadian Air Force marked the occasion at the annual inspection of the military units at Camp Borden, Ontario, by christening two of the latest Siskin III-A aircraft, designed and manufactured by Sir W. G. Armstrong Whitworth Aircraft, Ltd., of Coventry, England, and Ottawa, Ontario, equipped with 460 h.p. super-charged Jaguar engines, made by Armstrong Siddeley Motors, Ltd., of Coventry, England, and Ottawa, Ontario. The troops at this station were paraded for this ceremony, and the two Siskins were christened with the names "Sir John Alcock" and "Sir Arthur Whitten Brown." Hon. Brigadier-General A. H. Bell, C.M.G., D.S.O., District Officer Commanding Military District No. 2, delivered an address to the troops and broke a bottle of wine on the propeller of each machine, at the same time declaring them named as above.

Records of Note

Among the many newly issued Decca records are some recording popular numbers from Noel Coward's wonderfully successful operette, *Bitter-Sweet*, which have been recorded by Ambrose and his May Fair Hotel Orchestra. These include "I'll See You Again" and "If Love Were All." By the way, the Decca Gramophone Company, which has, of course, been producing portable gramophones for many years, has now brought out a wonderful new Salon Decca Portable priced at £4 10s. and five guineas respectively. These gramophones possess many unique features, and represent the last word in clarity, compactness and careful craftsmanship.



The Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald

THE PRIME MINISTER

describes his visit to

"The ISLAND of ROMANCE"

in The Sphere

(These articles were written prior to the Prime Minister taking office.)

Rambling in the jungle, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald discovered The Ceylon of his dreams. "Nurtured in the Peradeniya gardens," he writes, "I found the spices, and I buried my face in them. They were like incense of romance, the scents of the cargoes of nutmegs and cloves, cinnamon and camphor that now sail on no seas. In the clearings, I saw the ruins of temples, palaces, and the great cities reputed to have been as populous in their time as London now is."

READ THE PREMIER'S INTIMATE IMPRESSIONS OF

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The soul-stirring pilgrimage to Buddha's Tooth at Kandy.

RECORDED IN A BRILLIANT SERIES OF WORD-PICTURES.

First article Sept. 14. Second article Sept. 21. See issue of Sept. 28 for the third article.

The Sphere

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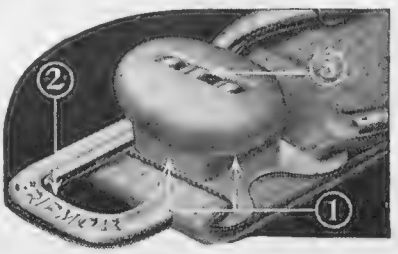

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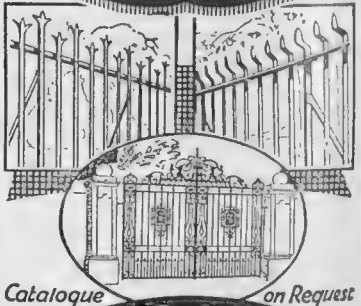

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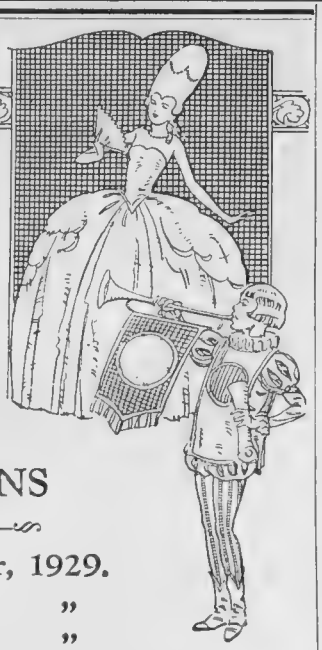

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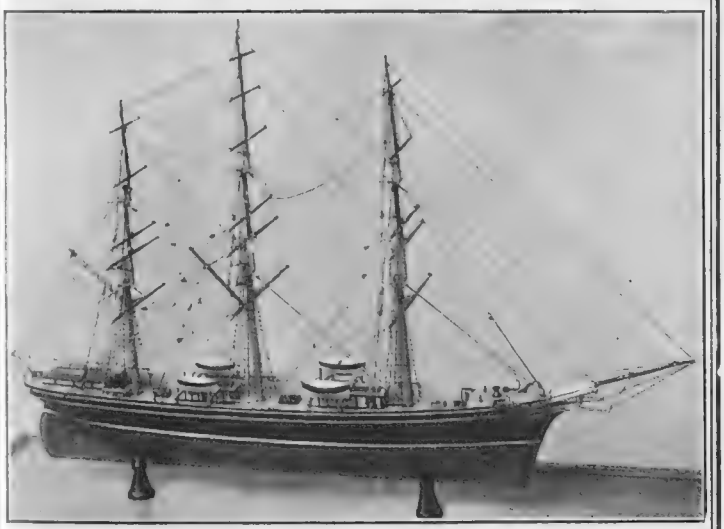
A NEW MODEL BY FRANK H. MASON



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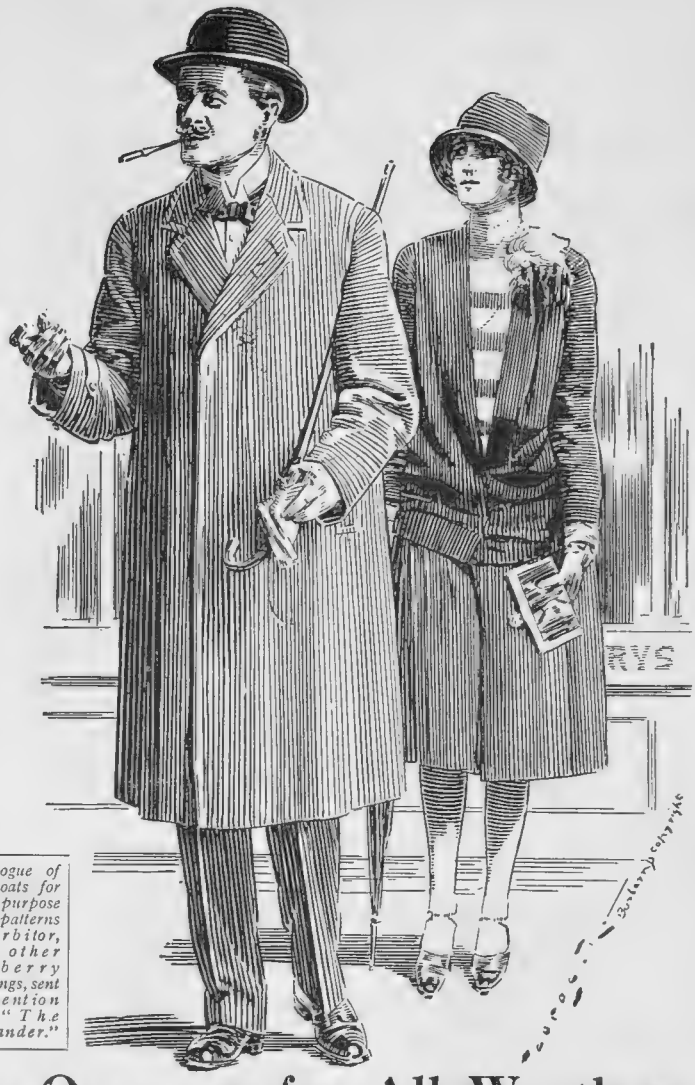

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'Caradium' Hair Restorer is no new untried remedy. For years it has been a boon and a blessing to tens of thousands of men and women all over the world. It is the proved finest preparation for the hair. IT NEVER FAILS.

Dandruff quickly cured. If you are not grey 'CARADIUM' used twice weekly will prevent your going grey.

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'Caradium' Hair Restorer is obtainable of Harrods, Whiteleys, Barkers, Selfridges (Hairdressing), Army and Navy Stores, Boots, etc., or direct from the proprietors in plain package (postage 6d. extra).

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INEXPENSIVE NIGHTDRESS in reliable pure silk broché crêpe de Chine, an exact copy of a recent Paris model, new shaped neck composed entirely of lace; hand made throughout. In green, coral, apricot, biscuit, flame, cyclamen, ivory and pink.

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Sent on approval.

" Our prisoner has been too clever for us," he admitted to Carol. " Now we will be too clever for him. You have done splendidly. Our failure is not due to any fault of yours. Just continue as you are. On the way back from the hotel we will drive past the New York Bar. You will explain when you see it, and ask the Colonel if you may take Captain von Koch into the bar for a drink to that city. He will agree, and you will go in without escort. The place will be closely watched. In the rear at a table will be two girls. They will have blue hats with gunmetal ornaments, and will permit you to accost them. Join them for a drink, and remain with them until the Colonel comes for you in anger. Then ask the Colonel if you may bring the girls to the hotel. He will agree, and you will follow us in a taxi with the girls. Treat the girls just as you would any women of the street. They are the best operatives of the French Secret Service and will act their parts well."

" Say," expostulated Carol, " how far is this thing going to go? "

" The girls have orders to remain with you and Captain von Koch until they get the information they require."

"Well, I hope that squarehead knows how to keep his mouth shut," Carol remarked fervently.

The conference at the Bureau did not last long. The Colonel came out registering disgust, and they all got into the car.

" I'm sorry, Colonel," von Koch apologised. " But I could not do otherwise than refuse to betray my comrades . . . .

British National Newspapers Ltd.

The One who was Clever

Several things had to be found out about these two—von Koch, and young Carol Banks, the American Airman who brought him down, and captured his five-lens camera. When we left them last a trip to Paris was in the air. The Secret Service wanted to make von Koch talk. Carol helped by making him drunk. The brunette helped by playing the siren and the spy.

And the blonde . . . .

The French promised her a firing squad when the wily Hun made his get-away. Carol lost his heart and his watch. But the last word is often with the women . . . .

Read the sequel to "Sky High" by Elliott White Springs (the American Airman Author), and find out "The One Who was Clever."

This is one of the many brilliant stories in the October Number of BRITANNIA and EVE. Make sure you get your copy.

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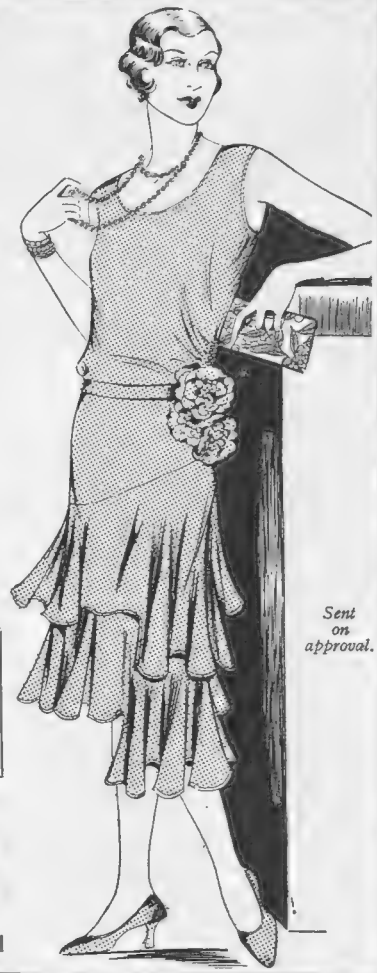

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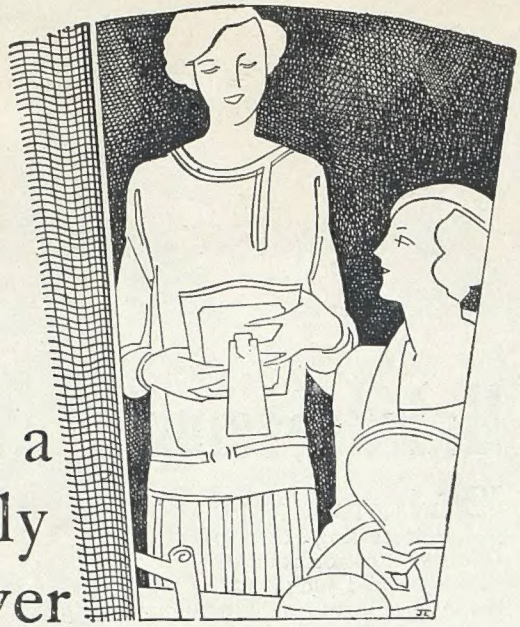

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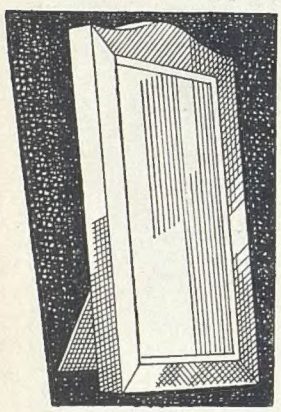

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